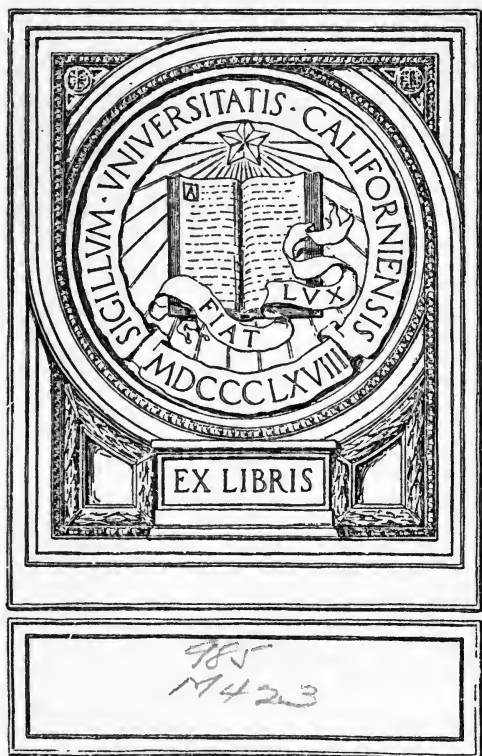




BROTHERHOOD POEMS

CALIFORNIA
POEMS
1849-1915

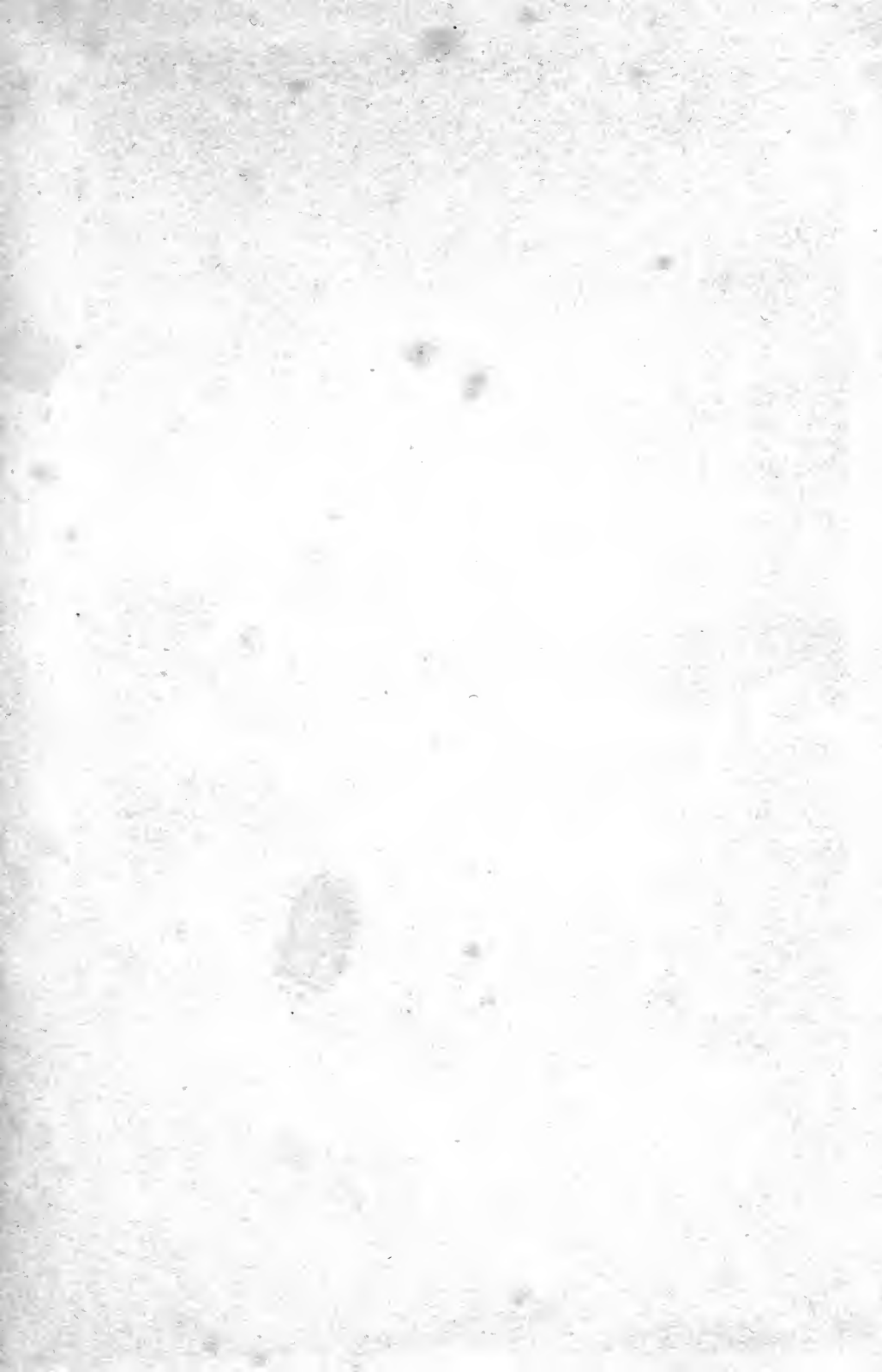
The California Poppy
THE OFFICIAL FLOWER
OF THE GOLDEN STATE



To My Mother

April 1st 1917

Many Happy Returns of The Day
from Frank.



“To worship rightly is to
love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each
kindly deed a prayer.”

J. G. WHITTIER.

BROTHERHOOD

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

985

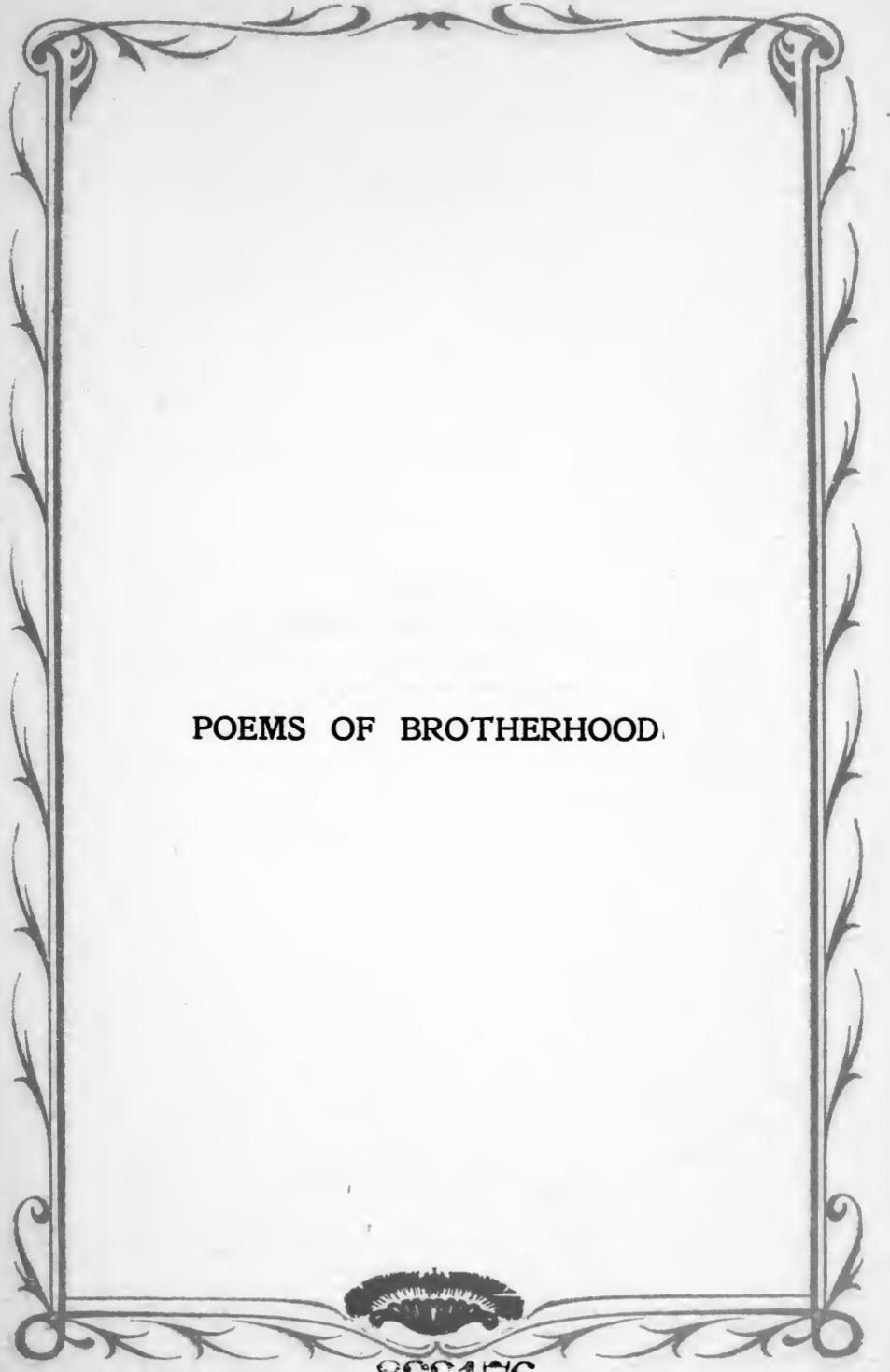
BY
WARREN JONES MASTEN

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POEMS OF BROTHERHOOD.



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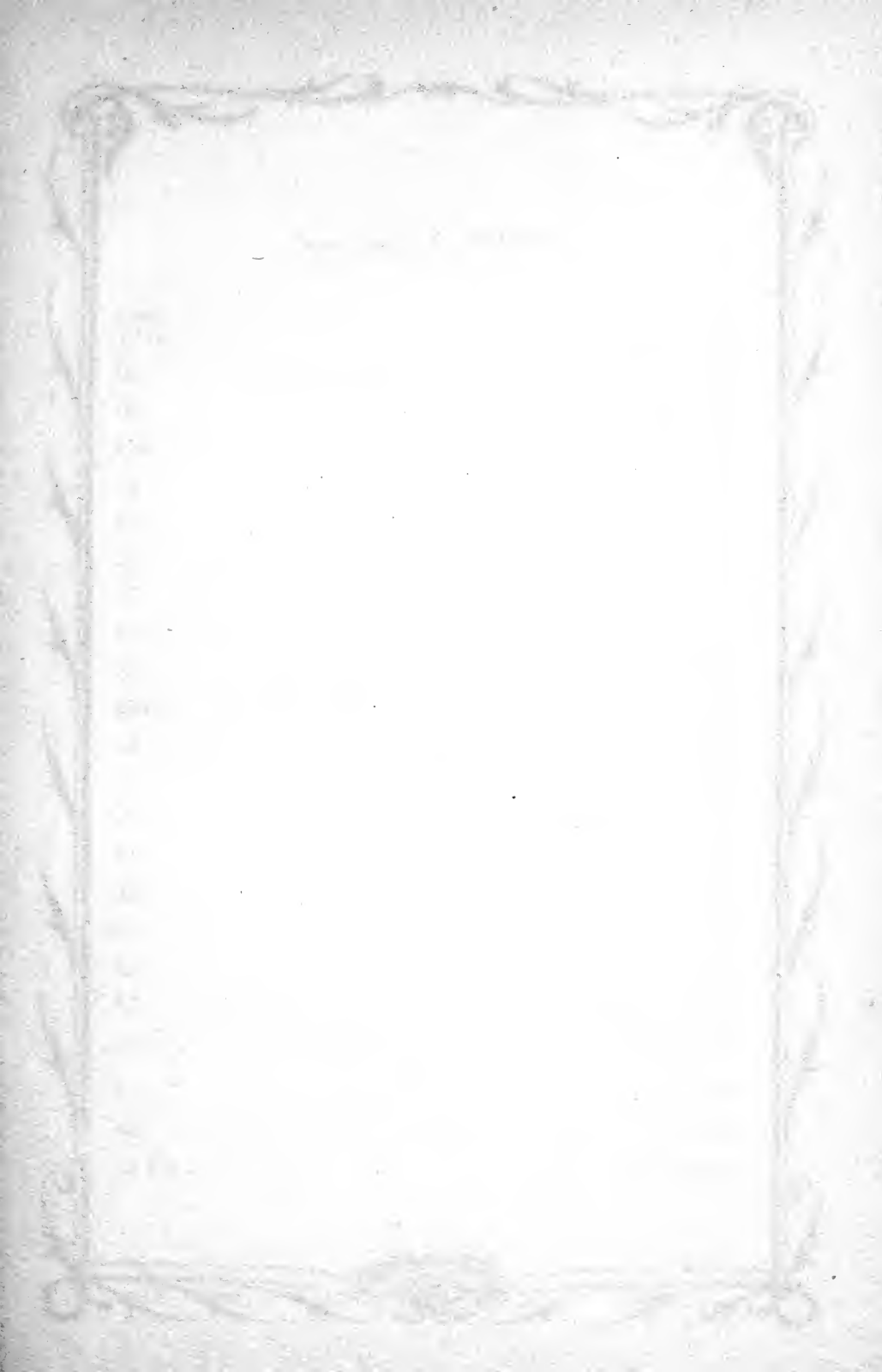
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God is Love

GOD is Love, Oh never doubt it
E'en when times are hard to bear,
Live above thy griefs and worries,
Trust them to a Father's care.

He can make the darkest place
Seem to thee like brightest day,
For His smile will pierce the darkness,
And illumine all the way.

He can so uplift thy spirit
Earth's woes seem of small account,
On the wings of hope and courage,
It will ever upward mount.

Help me, O God, I pray throughout the day
To listen to the music of Thy voice,
Then I shall hear from all created things
Some notes arise which say "rejoice, rejoice"!

And when the day dawns cold and dark and drear,
Of outward joy and beauty seeming bare,
Open my senses to that kingdom near,
Flooded with sunshine and with flowers most fair.

Beneath the darkest cloud that glooms the sky,
Point where the gleams of purest silver hide,
Show that earth's discord and her bitterest cry
Foretell the harmony that shall abide.

Sea Music

AT TWILIGHT time I sat beside the sea
And listened to the waves' sad mur-
muring;
Waiting till they should sound less
mournfully,
And to my ears some notes of glad-
ness bring.
But with a deafening, maddening, clashing roar,
As if they battled with an unseen foe,
They only beat the louder on the shore,
To die away in a long wail of woe.
As deeper grew the shadows, one bright star
Arose above the cliffs, high in the sky,
And from its luminous throne in heights afar
Looked down as watching with all-seeing eye.
Then, when again I listened to the sea,
Methought the waves rang paens of victory.

Thou must be lifted far
Above all worldly care,
E'en thou canst with Him share
Such deep tranquility,
That naught the senses jar
Nor evil passions mar
The soul's serenity.

He who lives near to God
Will rise above the sod,
Into those mountain heights,
Whose every sound delights
The ear, and wondrous sites
Of loveliness satisfy
The soul's deep sense of beauty.
Live in the deep sense of my abiding tenderness
to thee and others, then thou wilt have true blessed-
ness.

The Ideal is the Real
Believe, it has power
All foul disease to heal;
Men need no more cower
In dread of coming harm;
This truth falls like a balm
Upon all listening ears
And routs disturbing fears.

Once raise the thought to things above,
Then every little flower that grows
Becomes a token of the love
That breathes in all and overflows
Into a stream that fills the earth
With power to give beauty birth.

Be at peace, an angel's hand is troubling the
waters of thy soul; when it is o'er there comes a rest-
ful stillness to abide forevermore.

Be lifted up above all earthly strife,
Be consciously at one with the true life,
Then shall thy love for others be intense,
Thy very presence bring with it the sense
Of Him and His abiding tenderness.

Tell him to put his hand in mine
And trust to me; I will safely lead
Him all the narrow way till he
Reach that haven where
All storms are past.

Unbound

A SAD SOUL! moaning in the web which
Fate
Hath spun around thee so thou canst
not fly!
Be still! No more bewail thine abject
state,

For thee deliverance soon draweth nigh;
A voice from soundless depths the secret tells;
Nothing can bind a soul whose thoughts are stayed
Upon eternal things, for in it dwells
A consciousness which makes it unafraid.
It looks beyond the seeming to the real;
Knows that, which here apparently doth bind,
Doth make it reach out after the ideal,
Helps it the freedom of the truth to find;
And now, at will, it soars above the world;
Fate can no longer keep its pinions furled.

A Vision

APWARD I soared unto a sea of light,
Around me surged great waves of
melody.
Each breath I drew brought with it
strange delight,
And life flowed into me abundantly.
I realized my oneness with the All,
My ears were opened to the overtone
Of harmony which freed me from the thrall
Of those discordant notes which make man moan.
From this vast sea of light, of love, and song,
I saw bright rays descending unto men,
Uniting them to that inspired throng
Who sing "All's well for God is Love, Amen!"
While o'er the earth the Son of Righteousness
Spread healing wings in brooding tenderness.

True Work

INTO all thou doest
Put a grain of love;
'Twill the sense of drudgery
From all work remove.

That done in the kitchen
Will as noble seem,
As some grand achievement
Wrought in fondest dream.

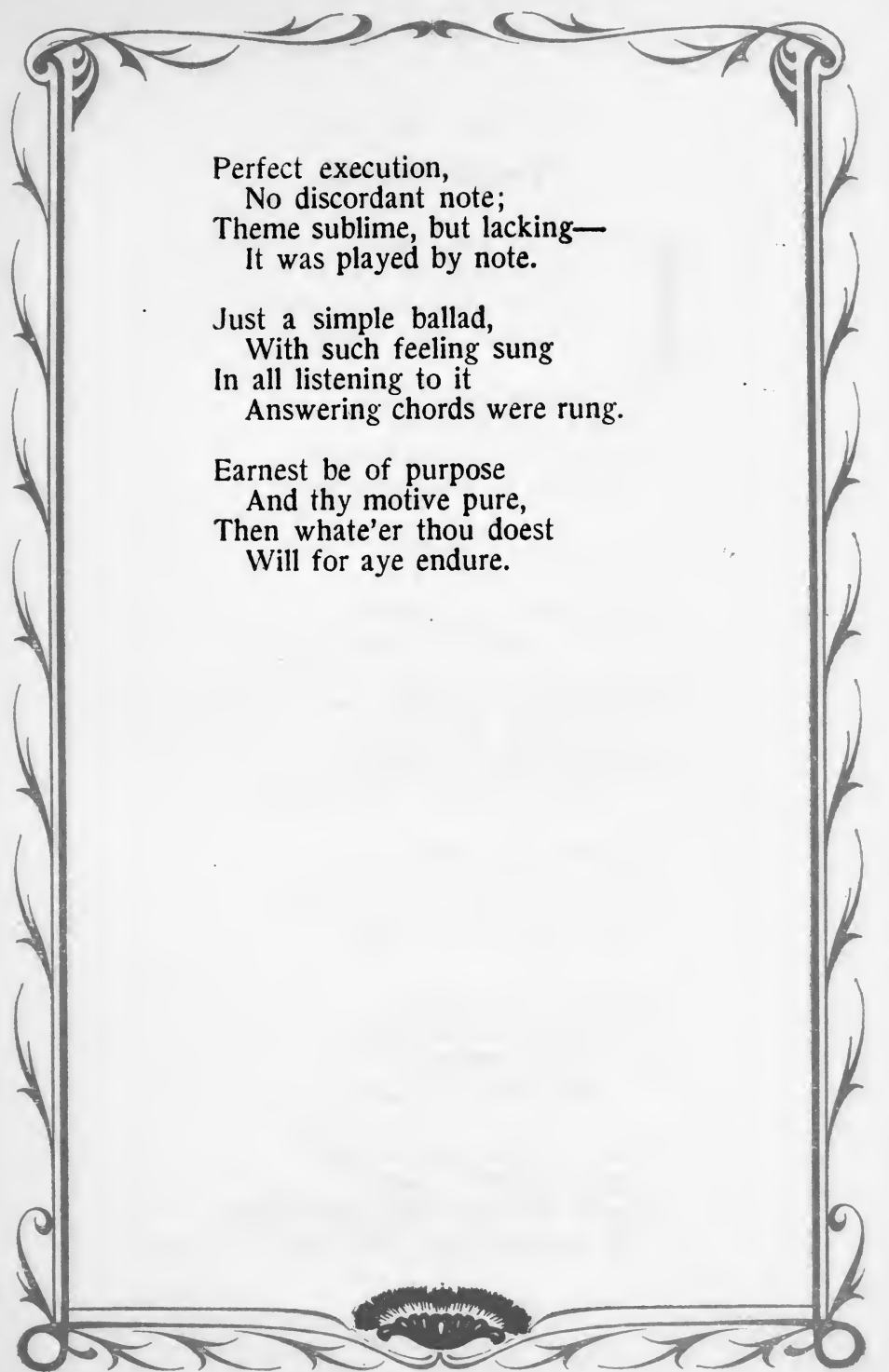
Never chiseled marble
Proves a work of art,
Bears it not the impress
Of the sculptor's heart.

Matchless in its color,
Every line most true;
Painted without feeling—
Wooden through and through.

Faultless in its measures,
Sweet of sound the song;
Voice it not the poet's soul—
No song lives for long.

Eloquent the sermon,
Beautiful the thought;
Lies no life behind it,
It will come to naught.

Homely words and diction,
But the Spirit's power
Brought through them upliftment
To crushed souls that hour.



Perfect execution,
No discordant note;
Theme sublime, but lacking—
It was played by note.

Just a simple ballad,
With such feeling sung
In all listening to it
Answering chords were rung.

Earnest be of purpose
And thy motive pure,
Then whate'er thou doest
Will for aye endure.

To the Violin

O YE dumb, dumb notes within me
That my voice cannot express,
My heart will break, oh! set them free
For me, to thee I can confess
All my wild longings and the dreams
Of loveliness which haunt my soul,
Bringing the echoes from far streams
Of heavenly melody which seems
A part of me; the distant roll
Of mighty waves of song awake
Beneath my touch I now partake
Through thee of bliss and find mine own
Completeness; Joy will ne'er forsake
Me now for I am not alone!

Out! out! upon the fast flowing tide
Which bears her swiftly from me,
Into that Bourne from which few return,
That undiscovered country.

God gives me songs to sing in the night,
But now their burden is pain,
Or a yearning cry for one dear face
To smile upon me again.

Sometimes methinks that my cry is heard
And she whom I love is near,
For answering chords which bid me hope
Fall softly upon my ear.

When through me a certain chord vibrates
I smile even through my tears,
And think of the joys still left to me
To brighten my lonely years.

All whom I love are forever mine,
They are enshrined within my heart;
What we call Death is naught but a dream
For those who love do not part!

Protection

I SINK to rest within the arms of Sleep,
But first I bid my purest thoughts to keep
Guard o'er me, lest aught of evil creep
Too near the portals of my soul and find
Entrance there; Nature's laws are always
kind,

She also rules the kingdom of the mind,
And has an antidote for every ill
That comes to vex us; were we not so blind
To her true teachings, gladness would enfill
Our inmost being; Fear would cease to bind
Us with its chains; at last we should partake
Of that repose that never doth forsake
Those who trust fully to the Over-soul,
To strengthen, purify and make them whole.

Poise

SOME day, despite the world's discordant
noise,
The soul will hear the undertone most
sweet
To which creation's mighty heart doth
beat—

Will find at last a point of perfect poise.
Ah! Not till then will it know of those joys,
Unlike the ones that on life's path we meet,
Which pass away too soon on footsteps fleet,
So frail one whiff of adverse wind alloys.

The ocean hath a place of calm unshaken
By fiercest hurricane that o'er it blows;
So, when to consciousness a soul doth waken,
Nothing can move it from its deep repose;
But not until the chains to earth are riven
Can unto it a bliss so great be given.

The Soul's Day Time

It is the day-time of the soul,
When, piercing through earth's night
Come flashes from that light
Which point unto life's goal.

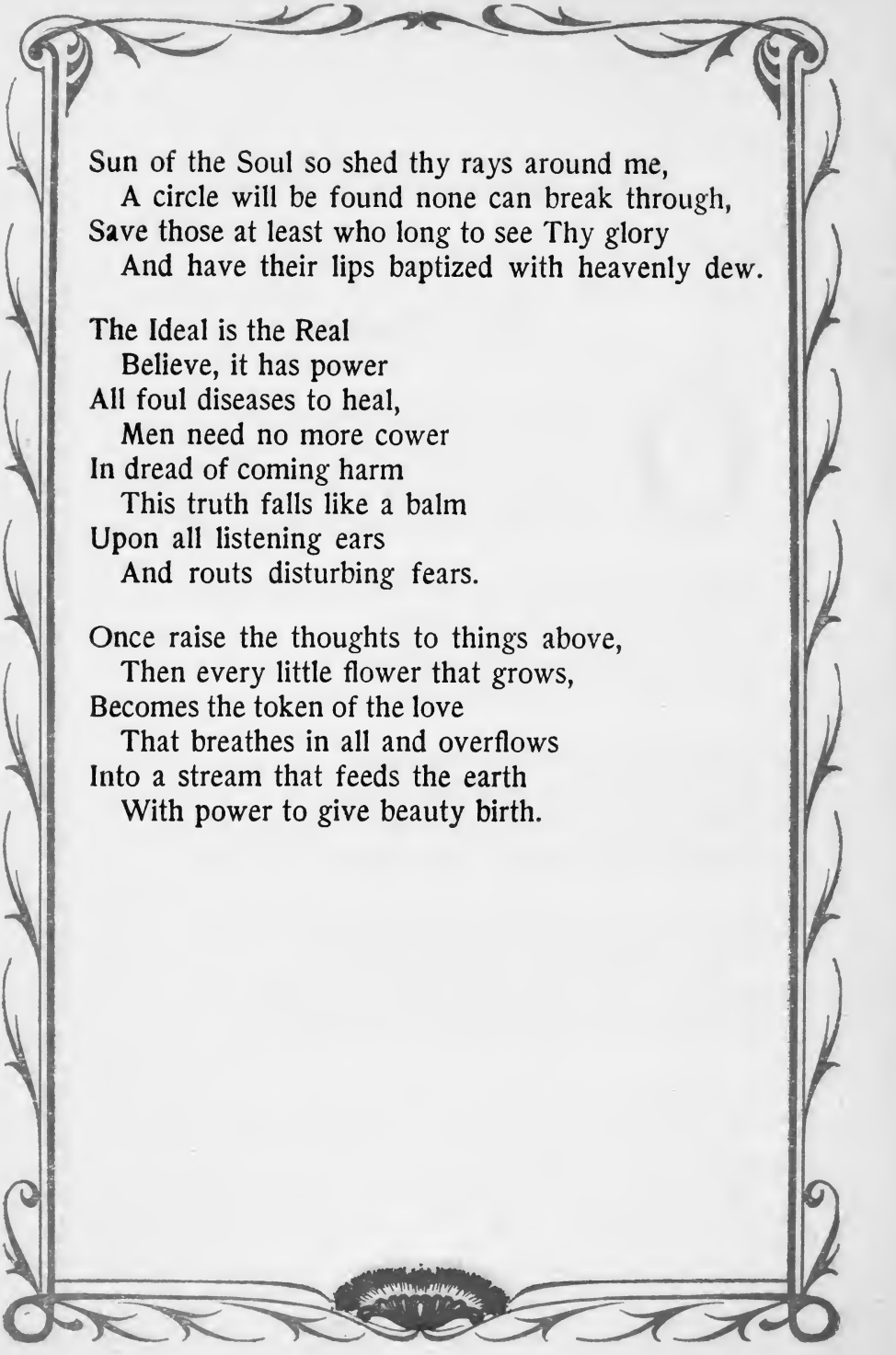
Its day-time is when 'neath the pain,
Resounding soft and clear,
Ring notes of hope and cheer
From heaven's own glad refrain.

When in the midst of sin and strife
There falls a blessed calm
Which doth all fears disarm,
It is the dawn of larger life.

'Tis perfect day when human love
Provides the wings whereby
The soul can upward fly—
Drink from Love's fount above.

When I can let the sheen of heavenly regions
Fall full upon me as I tread life's way,
Small power o'er me hath Satan or his legions
To make one footstep into bypaths stray.

But should I let a light than it less holy,
My higher vision blind by its fierce glare,
Angels who, in the purest abide solely,
Flee, and foul beings from their caverns stare.

A decorative border with symmetrical floral and leaf motifs surrounds the text. At the bottom center, there is a small, dark, fan-like decorative element.

Sun of the Soul so shed thy rays around me,
A circle will be found none can break through,
Save those at least who long to see Thy glory
And have their lips baptized with heavenly dew.

The Ideal is the Real
Believe, it has power
All foul diseases to heal,
Men need no more cower
In dread of coming harm
This truth falls like a balm
Upon all listening ears
And routs disturbing fears.

Once raise the thoughts to things above,
Then every little flower that grows,
Becomes the token of the love
That breathes in all and overflows
Into a stream that feeds the earth
With power to give beauty birth.

My Prayer



SPIRIT of life and love Divine,
Remove from my soul its weight of woe,
Let me the joy of Thy presence know.
Reveal the truth to this heart of mine,

Keep my thoughts ever most pure and true,
Help me desire Thy will to do,
Guide my steps upward along the way
That leads at last to the Perfect Day.

Never let Sorrow from me depart,
Till I have looked deep into her heart,
Fathomed the secret under her strings,
Garnered the strength that suffering brings.

Give me of Wisdom as my bequest
That I see clearly to choose the best,
Grant me some power to bless the world
And stay Evil's darts against it hurled.

Consecration

ARITE it in letters of fire!
Till it's burned upon thy brain!
Cleanse thine every desire,
Let not one foul stain remain.

Be given up wholly
Unto the labor of love;
May thy aim be only
To lift men to thoughts above.

Trust Infinite Wisdom
To reveal just what is best;
Enter heaven's kingdom
Where is heeded each request.

Be one with the Master
In doing the Father's will;
Life is the true tester,
Obedience, doubts can still.

Faith gives a broad outlook
For what the years have in store.
He whom the world forsook
Shows how to make little, more.

To the wells of living waters,
O, make haste to go;
Cast away the filthy tatters
Of the garbs of woe.

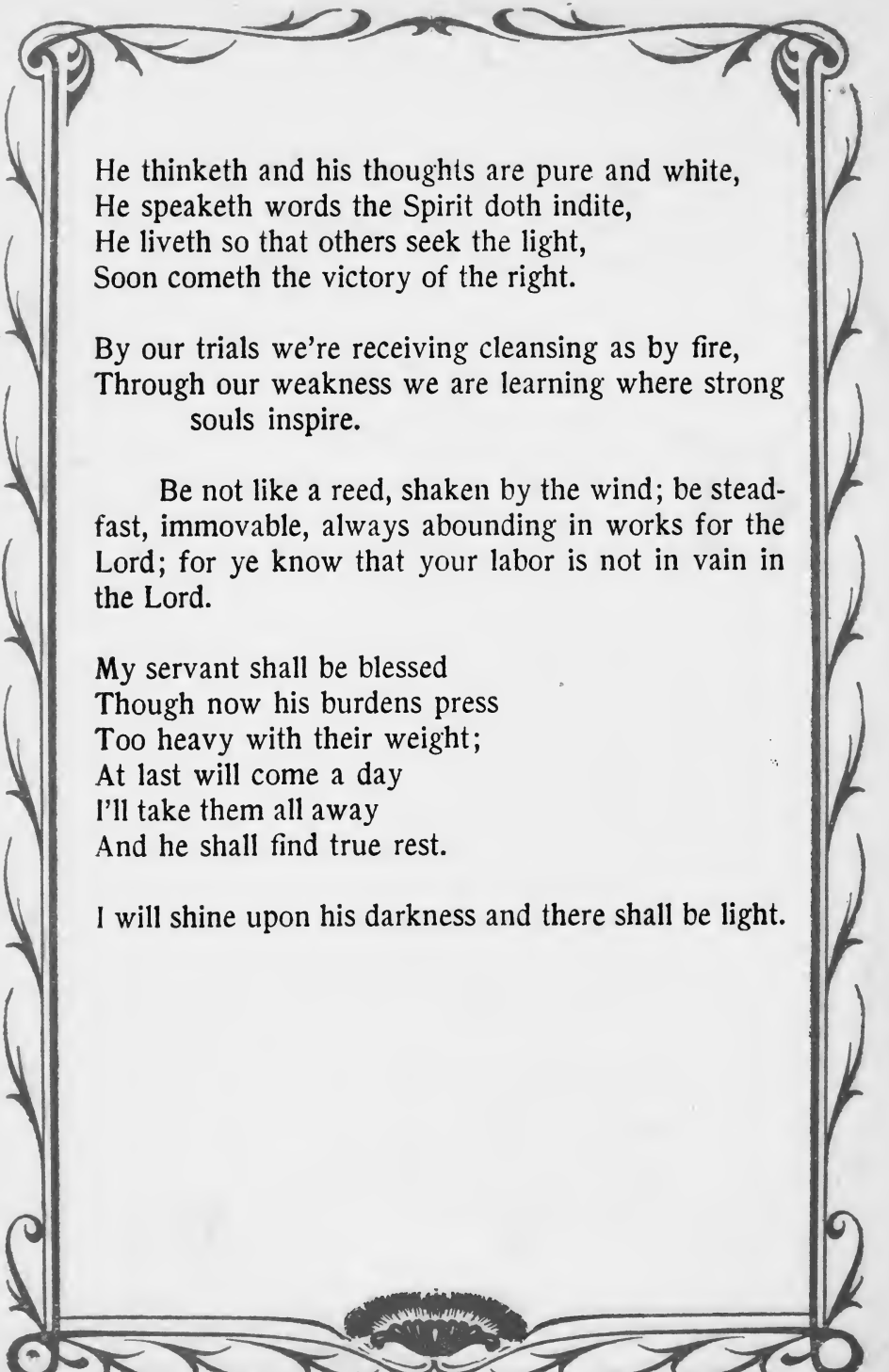
Whoever takes of this refreshment,
In his soul abides
A deep sense of true contentment,
Whatsoe'er betides.

For God's Wisdom seeth deeper
Than man's eyes can see.
Never is life's pathway steeper
Than the strength may be.

Life is never to hard
Unless we make it so;
Our groanings but retard
True progress. Soft and low
The voice saith, Child, let go
Thy self-hood. Strive no more
For what the world calls fame;
But only take His name
And live it. He once bore
The cross, now raised doth draw
All men to Him by love's law.

Let my life be not one lived in vain,
But spent in easing others' pain;
With cleansing fires burn up all my dross,
Teach me the true meaning of the Cross,
Go and work in my vineyard,
Trust to the Lord of the harvest
To give thee what is thy due.

He prayeth, and his countenance is bright,
He seeth wondrous things through Faith's clear sight,

A decorative border with symmetrical floral and scrollwork patterns frames the text on the page.

He thinketh and his thoughts are pure and white,
He speaketh words the Spirit doth indite,
He liveth so that others seek the light,
Soon cometh the victory of the right.

By our trials we're receiving cleansing as by fire,
Through our weakness we are learning where strong
souls inspire.

Be not like a reed, shaken by the wind; be steadfast,
immovable, always abounding in works for the
Lord; for ye know that your labor is not in vain in
the Lord.

My servant shall be blessed
Though now his burdens press
Too heavy with their weight;
At last will come a day
I'll take them all away
And he shall find true rest.

I will shine upon his darkness and there shall be light.

Peace rides in the teeth of the storm,
Joy bides at the heart of sorrow,
The soul hath no need of alarm
That trusteth to God the morrow.

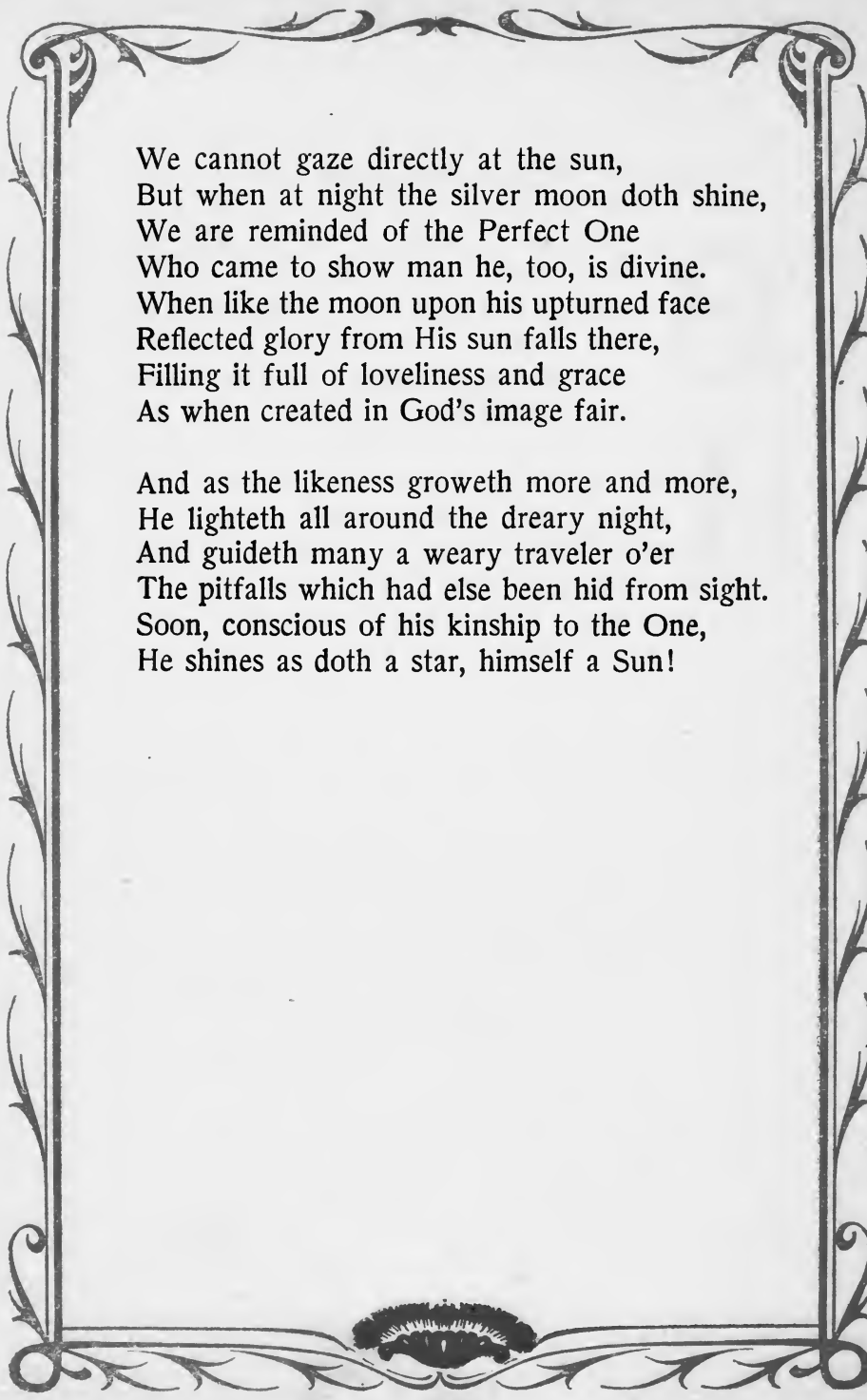
All is Well

ALL that may come to me
Of weal or woe
Is from the Father's hand
And He doth know
Just what each soul requires
To make it grow.

Aught He in love sees fit
To take away,
He doeth what is best,
Trusting I say;
Naught can disturb my peace
When I obey.

All things result in good
To those whose will
Is fully one with His;
What may seem ill
Comes that it may some wise
Purpose fulfill.

Therefore I fearlessly
Travel along,
Feeling a mighty arm,
Saving from wrong,
All is well, "God is Love,"
This is my song.



We cannot gaze directly at the sun,
But when at night the silver moon doth shine,
We are reminded of the Perfect One
Who came to show man he, too, is divine.
When like the moon upon his upturned face
Reflected glory from His sun falls there,
Filling it full of loveliness and grace
As when created in God's image fair.

And as the likeness groweth more and more,
He lighteth all around the dreary night,
And guideth many a weary traveler o'er
The pitfalls which had else been hid from sight.
Soon, conscious of his kinship to the One,
He shines as doth a star, himself a Sun!

Free Riches

BUTTERCUPS and grass stars nodding in
the breeze,
Children's happy voices as they bring us
these;
They are but a portion of Dame Nature's
wealth,
Wealth none need ever fear thieves will steal by
stealth.

Birds are singing blithely in the budding trees,
Brooks are rippling gaily toward the summer's seas,
Everything is striving to bring us heart's ease.
O ye weary plodders burdened down with woe,
Learn from such happy things how to let care go.
Take the goods that each day offers at your door,
Then indeed you will have an increasing store
Of such treasures as will give you lasting joy,
For naught can their beauty mar nor worth destroy.

O Lord! remove the film across mine eyes,
Which hides from me the brightness of the day,
E'en when I look from earth into the skies
I see no azure, only dismal gray.
There was a time winds sweeping through the trees,
Brought music to mine ears sweet, soft and low,
But now, in place of soothing melodies
They bring the sobbing tones, bespeaking woe.
Once I could feel a presence ever near,
Watching o'er me with brooding tender care,
Taking away all sense of haunting fear.
Now I am left alone with grim despair!
Lay on my head thy hand with touch divine,
No longer dimmed, mine eyes with joy will shine.

Life

DEATH stepped across my threshold
And took me by the hand,
To lead me through dark waters
Unto an unknown strand.

While thus my lay panting,
Stripped of its robes of clay,
One came with shining raiment
And with it flew away.

Higher, still higher mounting,
From heaven to heaven they soar,
Angels who guard the portals,
Fling open door by door.

Beyond all mortal vision,
Beyond its fondest hope,
My soul to new life wakens
Of ever widening scope.

Birthday Message

GHY star still shines upon thee from on high
And some day thou wilt mount unto
a height
From which its portals open to thine eye
And its full glory bursts upon thy sight.

Strive every day to live so thou canst take
One upward step to help thee reach thy goal;
Unceasing pray until in thee awake
Desire thy star shall all thy walk control.

God gives unto each soul a guiding star,
Following whose light it will that pathway see,
Which unto the glistening peaks afar,
Bathed in the radiance of Eternity.

Prayer

BREAK, Lord, I pray, the chains of the flesh.
Make thou a rent within its coarse mesh
Through which will enter one pure white
gleam
Caught from the fount whence all light
doth stream.

Like a freed bird my soul then will soar
Until it comes to heaven's own door,
Gaining the courage to knock with hope,
Some Being fair unto it will ope.

Birthday Message

BE THIS the birthday message to thy soul,
Let none save God thy thoughts and
acts control.

Then will the Spirit grant thee for thy
dower

The gift to write true songs of deathless
power.

Songs which shall live within the hearts of men
Long after thou art gone and give again
Some measure of what into being brought
Their words of life with inspiration fraught,
Each day draw nearer unto Being's heart
Until it doth unto thine own impart
The perfect rhythm which makes its every beat
Send through the world vibrations strong and sweet.

The Love and Will Divine

THOU knowest what is best, O Love Divine,
E'en when I weep and wail in agony;
If I can lift my soul in prayer to Thee,
And try to merge my will in that of Thine,
I taste the sweetness in life's bitterest wine;
The Everlasting Arms most tenderly
Enfold me round, and through the dark I see
Some gleams of light upon my pathway shine.

One comes with dextrous touch and mends the strings
Long broken of my harp and softly plays
A soothing melody which with it brings
A sense of peace and solace and of praise.
Closer unto the Universal Heart
Mine own is drawn and all its aches depart.

California Poem

1849-1915

The Land of Promise

O GLORIOUS land of sunshine!
Of fruit, of flowers and song.
As to a land of promise
The nations to thee throng.

Thy Golden Gate stands open,
To welcome all who come;
Thy vine-clad hills and fertile vales
Of plenty speak and—home.

The sick and broken-hearted
Beneath thy warm, blue skies
Find life and hope reviving,
And old ambitions rise.

Thy grand, soul-stirring scenery
Doth inspiration give
To poet, painter, sculptor,
To bring forth works that live.

Thou art the longed-for Canaan
To many a weary soul,
And many a restless wanderer
Reaches in thee his goal.

Flowing with milk and honey,
In richest raiment dressed—
Surely thou art most worthy
To fulfill every quest.

The gold which drew men thither
Is not thy greatest wealth,
But the free gifts thou offerest
Of beauty, sunshine, health.

God's Touch upon the Soul



WITHOUT the touch of God upon the soul
The fullest life that earth can give
is marred;
With it, as portion of the Perfect
Whole,
Is shown the one which seems most
bare and hard.

What otherwise had proved a stumbling block
Hath now become a means whereby to rise,
And when the shadows gather fast and dark,
Faith points beyond where clearest azure lies.

No longer crushed beneath environment,
None is too narrow for the soul to see
Wherein its walls God's hand hath made a rent
To let in glimpses of Infinity.

Nor yet too thick has any wall been made
But that through it the listening ear can hear
Sweet strains of music by Immortals played,
Wafted to earth God's children there to cheer.

And when the soul seems utterly alone,
Bereft of all the ties that make life dear,
God comes to it and makes His presence known,
Whispering, "Be not lonely, I am here."



Lullaby



TAKE me and cradle me in thy arms,
Weary am I and oppressed;
Soothe me by singing thy lullaby—
Rock me to sleep on thy breast.

Soft is thy bosom, O Mother Earth,
Sweet are thy kisses to me;
Folded close in thy fond embrace,
From every trouble I'm free.

Lay me down gently upon thy couch,
Peacefully there I shall sleep;
Over me for a warm coverlet,
Daisies and grasses will creep.

Breezes are singing my requiem,
But a glad bird of the skies
Flings down some notes of a higher song,
Bidding my spirit arise.

Fettered no more by its house of clay,
Joyfully it wings its flight;
Wends its way upward where evermore
It shall abide in the Light!

The glory of the hills is mine,
When unto them I raise my eyes;
They give to me the strength to climb,
Unto the skies.



Nor matters it how far below,
I now am dwelling if I see
A pathway from the valleys low,
Prepared for me.

Great things from small beginnings grow,
The acorn holds the tree;
A single talent rightly used
A mighty power may be.

One little kindly word or act,
If prompted by the heart,
May make this whole round world of ours
Of heaven to seem a part.

A look of recognition given
Unto the lonely soul,
May waken it to consciousness
Of oneness with the whole.

In thine inner chamber
There is always light,
Though oftimes earth's shadows
Hide it from the sight.

In this same still chamber,
Truth doth ever dwell;
And to those who listen
Life's deep secrets tell.

Prayer

AOME, heavenly love,
Into my soul.
Take all my passions
'Neath thy control.

Lift them, I pray,
Above the sod,
So I can see
The face of God.

God's Kindergarten

EXQUISITE works of color and designing
God scatters freely all along life's way;
By their rare beauty our taste so refining,
He makes us long for lovelier ones
than they.

Like children in the kindergarten playing,
Through object lessons we are being taught
How God through symbols is forever yearning
To help us grasp some holy, deathless thought.

When all around us we see bright things dying,
He whispers, look beyond this world of sense;
From them you might see beauteous forms uplying
Were your love for things the temporal less intense.

Nothing is lost, then why for it be sighing?
What we call Death is sent that touch to give
Which frees the living germ in all things lying,
So it henceforth a higher life may live.

A heart received a barbed word
Which cut it like a two-edged sword.
Quivering with pain it nearly broke,
But in the end true strength awake.

The pain was there allowed to lie
Just long enough until thereby
Grew knowledge how to others bring
Some succour in their suffering.
Then! then! at last was gone the sting.

With firm intent to reach my goal
I upward press, nor do I mind
How rough the path, for in my soul
New life I find.

Which groweth stronger day by day,
As I inhale the atmosphere
Of mountain heights upon the way,
So pure, so clear.

When notes of trouble
Float on the air
One word Love utters
Brings music rare.

It gives the courage
To go through life
Full of rejoicing
In midst of strife.

Garners the sweetness
From bitterest things,
Gives by its touching
The soul its wings.

On them it soareth
Up to the sky,
Where it discovers
Love cannot die.

Refraction

AN ARROW speeding through the air
Smote a lone bird that hovered there.
Fluttering its wings, it heaved a sigh,
Then fell upon the earth to die.

A passerby who saw the bird
Was by its cry of anguish stirred.
He drew the arrow from its breast,
With healing balm its wounds he dressed.
The little life that in it breathed
Grew stronger as it care received.
Had not Love Death's course it must
Too soon have passed into the dust.

Weary sojourner
Beside the sea,
God's loving kindness
Protecteth thee.

Wherefore be lonely?
There's one is near
Who watcheth o'er thee—
Then have no fear.

Prayer

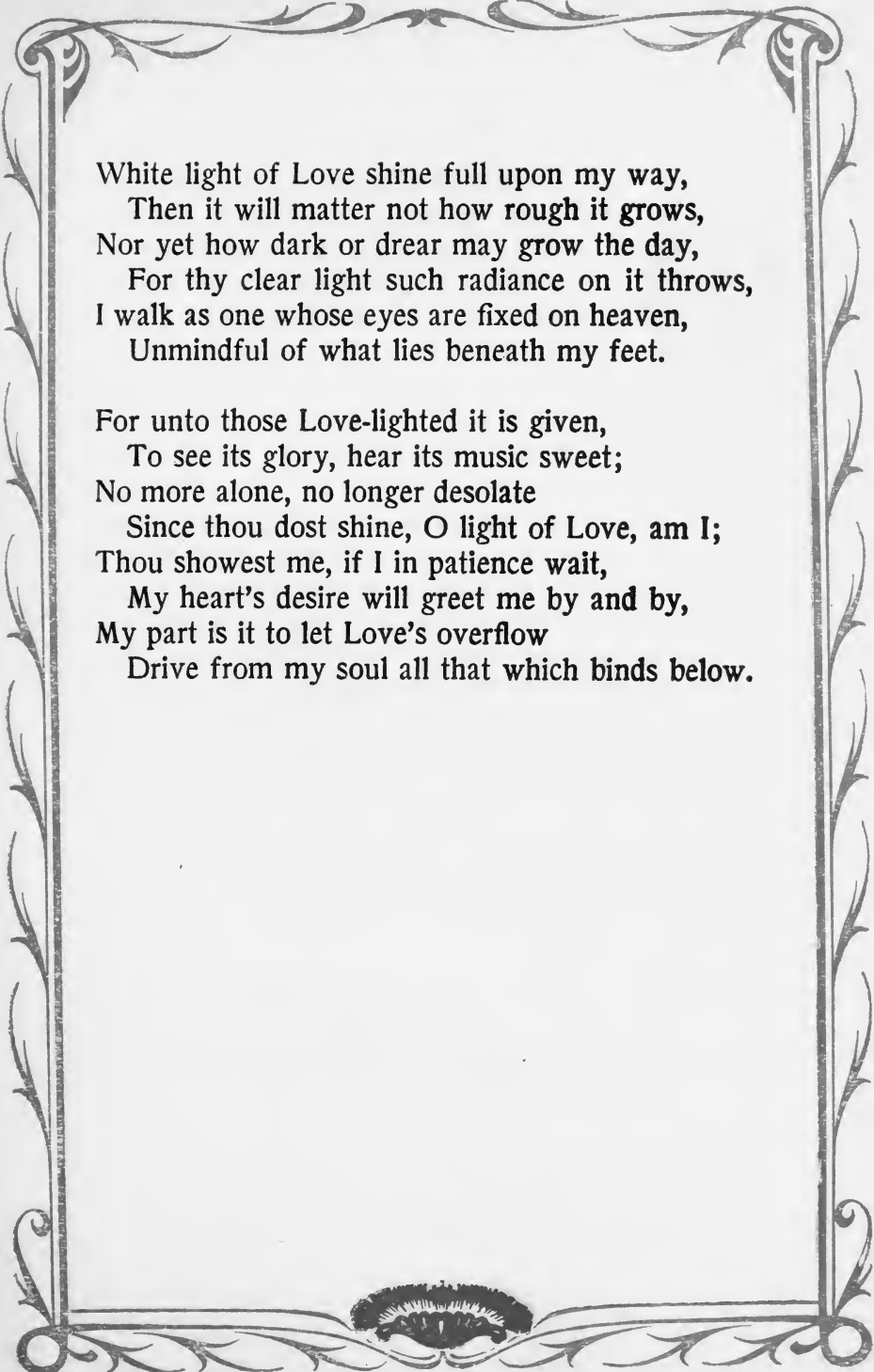
DAKE me a channel, Lord,
Through which Thou canst express,
Some portion of Thy living word
Wherewith the world to bless.

All obstacles remove
From the inflowing free
Of that sweet stream of harmony
Which ever flows from Thee.

Then I shall find the voice
To sing some little song,
Whose notes have caught a power divine,
To help dispel the wrong.

Upon thy bosom, gracious Love Divine,
I lay my head and through me feel the beat
Of thy great heart's pulsations strong and sweet,
Filling with melody this soul of mine,
Upon the waves of music wondrous fine,
It soars to regions higher, ever higher,
Until it comes where the angelic choir,
With myriad voices in thy praise combine.

Now earth's discordant notes but serve to make
The ones of harmony more clearly ring,
And in my soul those inner senses wake,
Which help it find its voice in time to sing
With life's own song glad in its undertone,
However much its surface ones may moan.

A decorative border with symmetrical floral and scrollwork patterns frames the text. At the bottom center, there is a small, dark, fan-like decorative element.

White light of Love shine full upon my way,
Then it will matter not how rough it grows,
Nor yet how dark or drear may grow the day,
For thy clear light such radiance on it throws,
I walk as one whose eyes are fixed on heaven,
Unmindful of what lies beneath my feet.

For unto those Love-lighted it is given,
To see its glory, hear its music sweet;
No more alone, no longer desolate
Since thou dost shine, O light of Love, am I;
Thou showest me, if I in patience wait,
My heart's desire will greet me by and by,
My part is it to let Love's overflow
Drive from my soul all that which binds below.

Prayer

AOME, heavenly love,
Into my soul.
Take all my passions
'Neath thy control.

Lift them, I pray,
Above the sod,
So I can see
The face of God.

A heart received a barbed word,
Which cut it like a two-edged sword;
Quivering with pain it nearly broke,
But in the end true strength awake.

The pain was there allowed to lie,
Just long enough until thereby
Grew knowledge how to others bring
Some succour in their suffering;
Then! then! at last was gone the sting.

With firm intent to reach my goal
I upward press, nor do I mind
How rough the path, for in my soul
New life I find.

Which groweth stronger day by day
As I inhale the atmosphere
Of mountain heights upon the way
So pure, so clear.

When notes of trouble
Float on the air,
One word, "Love others,"
Brings music rare.

It gives the courage
To go through life
Full of rejoicing
In midst of strife.

Garners the sweetness
From bitterest things,
Gives by its touching
To soul its wings.

On then it soareth,
Up to the sky,
Where it discovers
Love cannot die.

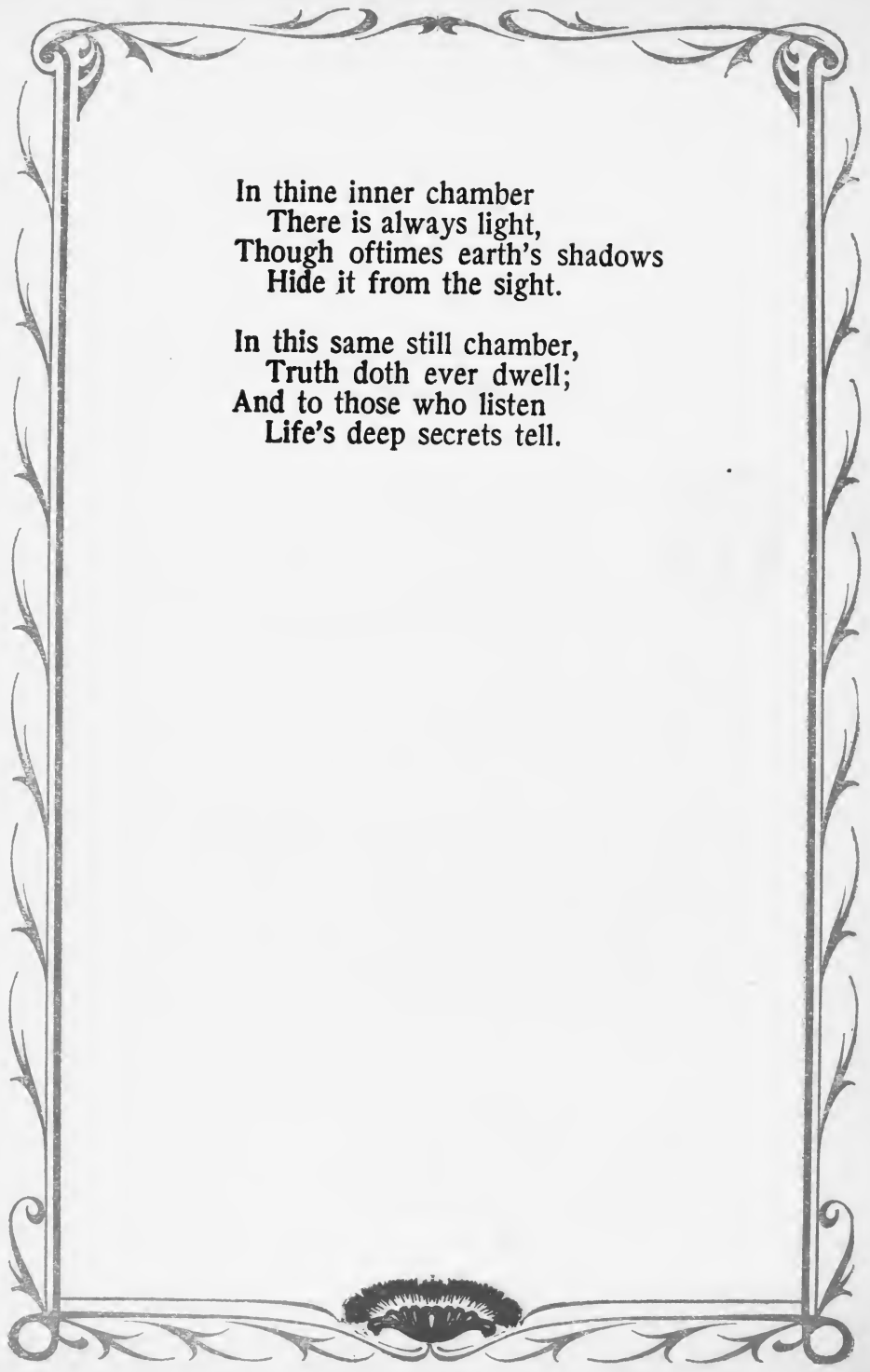
The glory of the hills is mine,
When unto them I raise my eyes;
They give to me the strength to climb,
Unto the skies.

Nor matters it how far below,
I now am dwelling if I see
A pathway from the valleys low,
Prepared for me.

Great things from small beginnings grow,
The acorn holds the tree;
A single talent rightly used
A mighty power may be.

One little kindly word or act,
If prompted by the heart,
May make this whole round world of ours
Of heaven to seem a part.

A look of recognition given
Unto the lonely soul,
May waken it to consciousness
Of oneness with the whole.



In thine inner chamber
There is always light,
Though oftimes earth's shadows
Hide it from the sight.

In this same still chamber,
Truth doth ever dwell;
And to those who listen
Life's deep secrets tell.

Heaven Within

TOO long have we bent all our energies
To reach a heaven created by the brain,
And there be saved from everlasting pain,
When in ourselves lies all of bliss there is.

For in a low condition of the mind
A hell more frightful than e'en Dante saw
Or Dore by his mighty brush could draw,
We can within its loathsome chambers find.

Christ came to teach us how to saviours be,
By daily striving some live word to speak;
To raise the fallen and make strong the weak—
His is the truth that doth from bondage free.
Who follows in the footsteps that He trod,
Will find his heaven within and there see God.

Regenerated

ABROWN and withered atom
I lay upon life's shore,
O'er which wild waves came crashing
With maddening, deafening roar.

While lying faint and gasping,
From soundless depths within
A voice spake words so powerful
They rose above the din.

Then with a mighty effort,
Although so near to die,
Once more I stood upon my feet
And looked into the sky.

Into my withered tissues
I drew God's vital breath,
Which thrilling through my being,
Loosened the clutch of Death.

Like one just new-created
I set sail on life's sea,
With overmastering passion
To serve humanity.

California Poppy

Official Flower of the Golden State

To the California Poppy

FROM thee, thou sun-kissed flower,
More real wealth comes to me
Than what is hid in gold mines
Or buried in the sea.

All through thy life, though skies may change,
Thy sunshine never fails
To shed its brightness all around
O'er hills and meadow dales.

Were the first pioneers of old,
Who came here seeking gold,
Too deeply steeped in glittering dust
To watch thy buds unfold?

Some of them must have written,
When the day's work was o'er,
About the beauty blooming
Upon the Western shore.

While gazing in thy chalice,
Clairvoyant grow mine eyes,
And see where in the future
Love's kingdom shall arise.

In it those with abundance blessed
Give generously as thou,
For to no God of Mammon, then,
Does mankind longer bow.

Now, every one the message reads
Within this beautiful state,
And each ship that nears its harbor
Sails through a "Golden Gate."

Song

APON a sea of glory,
Stretching from hill to bay,
My soul with sails set westward,
Embarked at close of day.

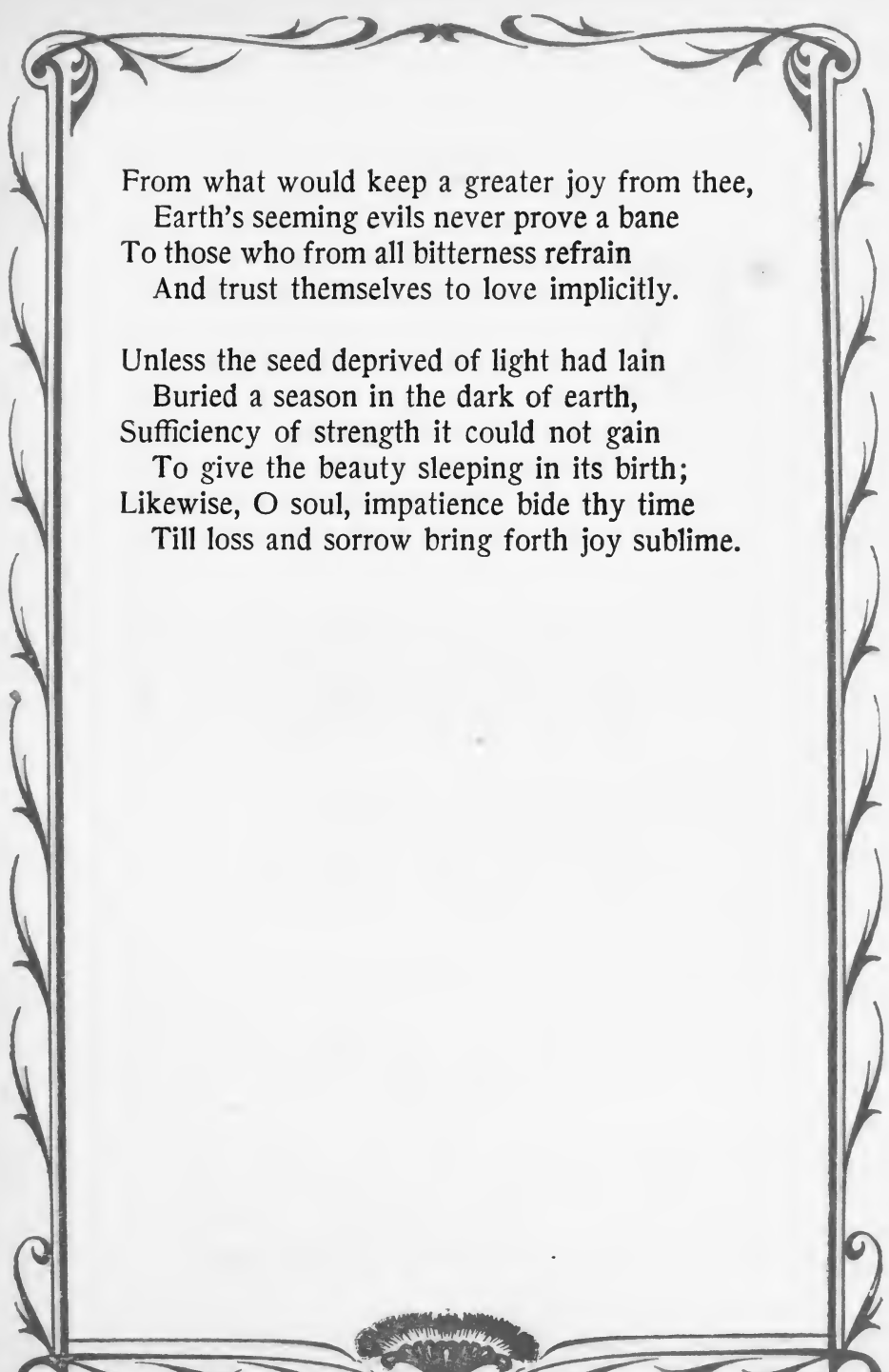
Above the sky was trembling
With color-waves of light,
The sun's last farewell token,
Today ere fall of night.

Some tender tints of twilight
Dropped softly from the sky,
Giving to earth the signal,
The reign of night was nigh.

Then darkness for a moment,
O'er all the world held sway,
Till myriad glittering star-beams,
Pierced through it ray by ray.

So soul that soareth skyward,
For thee is no real night,
What comes is for revealing
Unto thee fuller light.

Blind not thine eyes so that they cannot see
The hidden good beneath thy grief and pain,
That joy the loss of which thou didst complain
Was taken by love's hand to set thee free.

A decorative border with symmetrical floral and leaf motifs framing the text.

From what would keep a greater joy from thee,
Earth's seeming evils never prove a bane
To those who from all bitterness refrain
And trust themselves to love implicitly.

Unless the seed deprived of light had lain
Buried a season in the dark of earth,
Sufficiency of strength it could not gain
To give the beauty sleeping in its birth;
Likewise, O soul, impatience bide thy time
Till loss and sorrow bring forth joy sublime.

Tiny Hands



THREE tiny blades of grass
Whisper to those who pass,
Like us, always aspire
To climb a little higher.

Yet do not scorn the ground,
For therein may be found
The means where with to rise
Nearer unto the skies.

Learn to contented be,
Where God for us He
Knows just the fittest place
For you to grow in grace.



The New Day

GO FORTH and greet the day; the night is
done;
Put by thy past; with it begin anew;
Come forth and do obeisance to the sun,
And let his rays enkindle light in you.

Life is too precious, and too fair a thing,
To let one day of it unwelcome go;
Come forth and greet the dawn, and with it sing,
E'en though your song be wrung from the heart's
woe

Receive each hour, as if it were a gift,
Sent unto you with tender, loving thoughts;
Should some bring clouds, have faith that they will
lift
Or through their falling harvests will be wrought.

When, toward the day, this attitude you take,
Within your soul the morning's joy will wake.

Upliftment

DETHOUGHT I looked upon the face of
Christ, and as I gazed all doubt-
ing fled away,
For in His presence naught but truth
can stay.

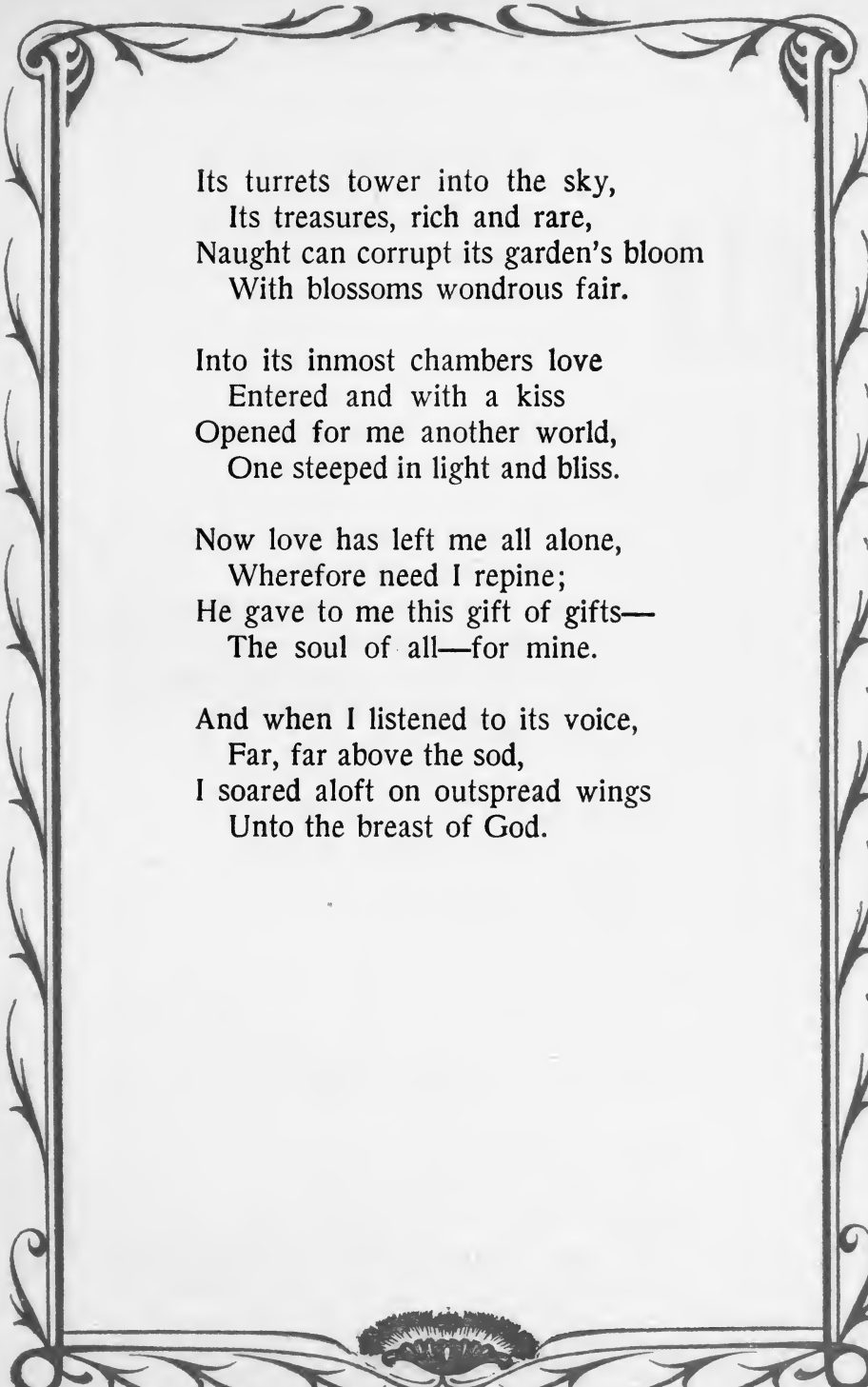
Desires were changed and what had once enticed
me by its outward beauty, from those heights where
truth and beauty are as one, lost power o'er me,
for at this most uplifting hour alluring things in
which the sense delights, charmed me no more.

I was so filled with bliss unspeakable. Every aspira-
tion seemed realized; from Him inspiration flowed
to my soul, like to a holy kiss. It touched me, awak-
ing there a spirit kin to His own, wide love the
heart of it.

Altho my life in outward things
Seem cramped and mean and poor,
Of hidden treasures of the heart
I have an ample store.

The picture of the earth, sea, sky
I have the eyes to see,
And nature's myriad voices sing
The sweetest songs to me.

Altho no fixed abode have I,
But like a wanderer roam,
Builders unseen are helping me
To rear a lasting home.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif, featuring stylized leaves and flowers, framing the text.

Its turrets tower into the sky,
Its treasures, rich and rare,
Naught can corrupt its garden's bloom
With blossoms wondrous fair.

Into its inmost chambers love
Entered and with a kiss
Opened for me another world,
One steeped in light and bliss.

Now love has left me all alone,
Wherefore need I repine;
He gave to me this gift of gifts—
The soul of all—for mine.

And when I listened to its voice,
Far, far above the sod,
I soared aloft on outspread wings
Unto the breast of God.

Birthday Message

BE THIS the birthday message to thy soul,
Let none save God thy thoughts and
acts control.

Then will the Spirit grant thee for thy
dower

The gift to write true songs of deathless
power.

Songs which shall live within the hearts of men
Long after thou art gone and give again
Some measure of what into being brought
Their words of life with inspiration fraught,
Each day draw nearer unto Being's heart
Until it doth unto thine own impart
The perfect rhythm which makes its every beat
Send through the world vibrations strong and sweet.

The Day's Bringing

I BRING to some life's crowning joy,
To some its bitterest woe;
Some greet me with their brightest smile,
Some with the tears o'erflow.

But could they look into my heart,
E'en those who suffer pain;
They'd see since love is at its core,
For none I dawn in vain.

I bring what wisdom I can find
To help the soul to soar
Upon the wings of joy or grief
Straightway to heaven's own door.

Close by a babbling brook
I build my nest;
Each eve its rippling notes
Lull me to rest.

Each morn its happy voice
Helps me to rise
And out on life to look
Through hopeful eyes.

All day while at my work,
Its silvery tones
Tell how to smoothly glide
Over rough stones.

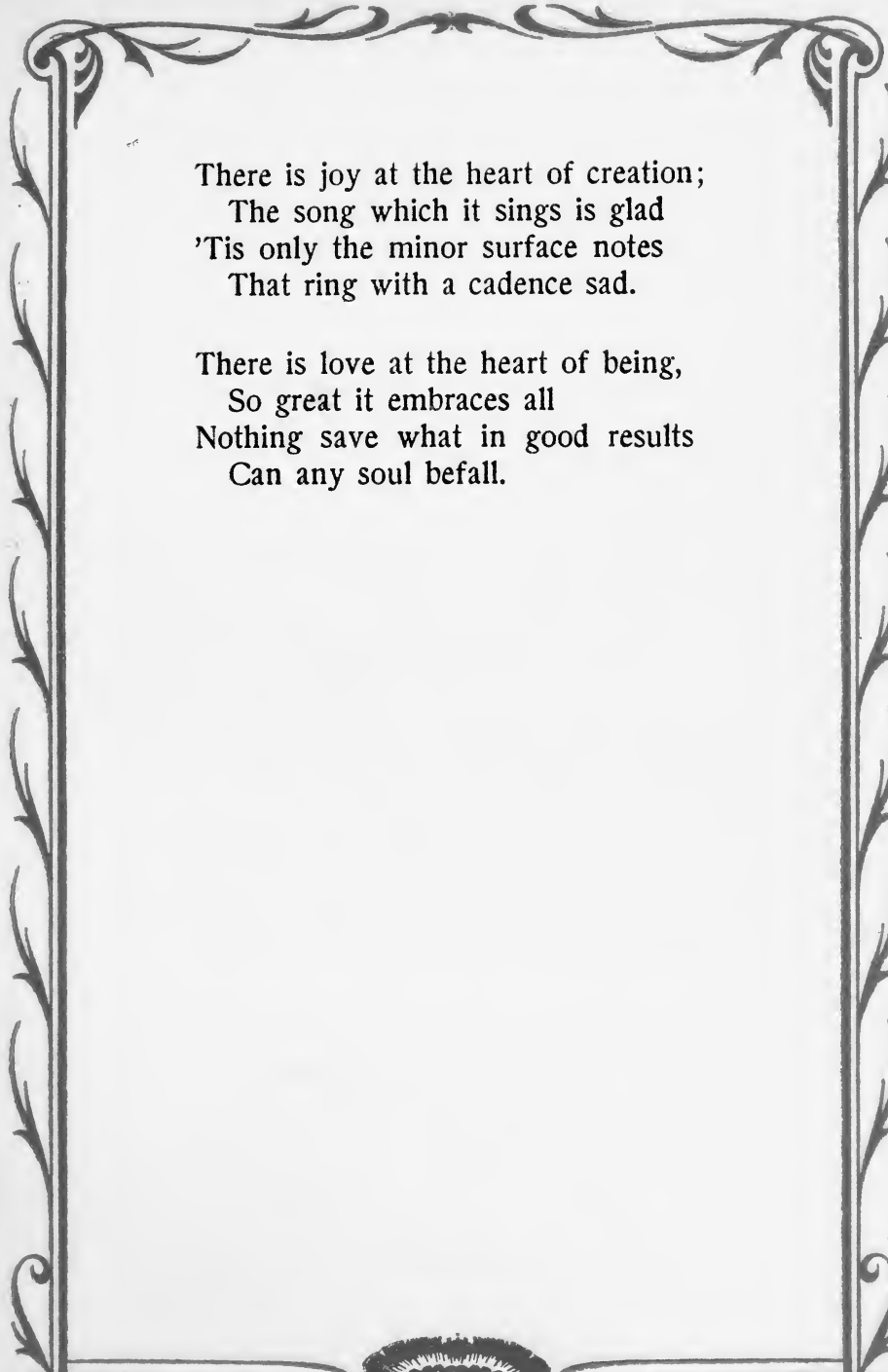
Like thee, O little brook,
Blithesome I'd be,
For are we not both bound
Unto the sea?

And as I seaward go
Melody make
Which will responsive chords
In others wake.

When near the sea's great heart,
Thro ours will thrill
Music none hear until
Earth's noise grows still.

Free from the depths of ages' dust,
Wherein it hath too long been hid,
The living beauty of the word,
Then when it shines forth clear and bright
Those who now sit in doubt's dark night
Will strive to read its meaning right,
And journey onward in the light of day.

Let thy words come fresh from the heart,
For only thus can they have power
To speak and rouse as from the dead
Those who now slumber. In their stead
Live men should walk the earth made free—
Glad, hopeful, strong, content to be
One with God's whole eternal plan of life.



There is joy at the heart of creation;
The song which it sings is glad
'Tis only the minor surface notes
That ring with a cadence sad.

There is love at the heart of being,
So great it embraces all
Nothing save what in good results
Can any soul befall.

A Sunflower

A BARE back-yard without a tree
Had one spot very bright,
For there a single fair flower grew
Whose face turned toward the light.

Of the poor soil it took no heed;
From a high source it drew
The halo shining round its head
Of golden-tinted hue.

Each day it gladly did its best
To brighten its small world,
When, drooped and brown, its many seeds
Were ready to unfold.

Some fell to earth, some in a heart,
Where they took root aright;
So from one little life may spring
A harvest of great might.



Joy

THERE is joy at the heart of creation
The song which it sings is glad;
'Tis only the minor surface notes
That ring with a cadence sad.

There is love at the heart of being
So great it embraces all.
Nothing save what in good results
Can any soul befall.

Be still and look within,
There hushed from worldly din
The voice of love speaks low
All that the soul need know.

Be still and seek His will,
In all things He can fill
Thy soul so full of calm,
So deep, no false alarm
Of danger can decrease
Thine inmost sense of peace.

Fast folded in His love,
From harm thou art secure,
And like the rocks above,
The waves, canst storms endure.

Inspiration

MY SONGS come to me as the gift of God
To give me strength when all of mine
was spent,
To show me how through all to be
content—

Not more in sunshine than when times
grow hard.

Teach me, O Lord, to use this gift aright;
Write thou upon the tablets of my heart
The truths which Thou dost wish me to impart
To other souls, to guide them to the light.
Breathe into me the Spirit of the Son
That I may live for others as did He,
Then not ashamed shall I give back to Thee
What Thou didst give, when my day's work is done.
Sing through me to the world some glad refrain
Of that sweet song of life that drives out pain.
Although it may not seem to thee
Just what thy wish would have it be,
He always heedeth thy request
And sends just what He knows is best.
Look up, oh! be not sunk in woe.
How canst thou slight His promise so?
"A bruised reed he will not break,"
Nor any burdened soul forsake.
Ask and receive, and lo; thy joy
No doubt nor sorrow can destroy.
Knock and there shall open wide
Doors that wondrous regions hide.

Take courage, bid thy soul rejoice;
It hath been granted thee free choice
Of seeing merely trouble's sting,
Or letting it new insight bring
To sense the inmost heart of things.
Not tares, but wheat, the seed will reap,
That lie within the heart so deep;
That daily life brings with it new delight
And I am taught to walk by faith, not sight;
Those things that once brought with them only pain,
Now that my ears have caught the glad refrain
Of heaven's music, show what I deemed loss
Were really sent for my exceeding gain—
To help me learn the meaning of the Cross!
Thou shalt be a power for good,
To teach mankind true brotherhood.

The power from on high enfills my soul!
Away from me the clouds of darkness roll!
A sense of His abiding presence steals
O'er my being, the comforter reveals
To me the truth I so long sought with tears,
Forever past are those tormenting fears
That kept me sad and downcast all these years;
My soul rejoices in such glorious light
That daily life brings with it new delight
And I am taught to walk by faith, not sight;
Those things that once brought with them only pain.
Now, that my ears have caught the glad refrain
Of heaven's music, show what I deemed loss
Were really sent for my exceeding gain
To help me learn the meaning of the cross.

„Thy Will, Not Mine“

Hymn

I WOULD, O Father,
That this will of mine
May ever be
Subservient to Thine.

Do unto me
As seemeth to Thee best,
To make me flee
For shelter to Thy breast.

“Know the power of self and smile on all.”

When thou has conscious grown,
O self of mine,
That thou dost draw thy life
From source divine.
Thou wilt cognizant be
Of wondrous power,
And all good things of life
Shall be thy dower.

Thou wilt become a sun,
And from thee stream
A living radiance
On all to beam.

The Right Touch

A SUNBEAM fell upon a clod of earth,
And by its shining showed the glimmer there
Of something precious that revealed its worth,
So seemingly at first of beauty bare.

An instrument in silence waited long
For one to come and wake the music there;
A touch, a freed voice pours forth notes of song
That rise rejoicingly upon the air.

Men are but clods, their souls are mute
Until the Spirit breathes on them with love divine;
Then from their lips drop words that others thrill
And with an inward light their faces shine.

A Cloud-Rift

DENSE gloom o'erspread the sky; the atmosphere
Was heavy with its weight of tears unshed.
My soul lay crushed beneath a sense of dread;

From Nature suddenly depression fled;
I raised my eyes and from the deeps o'erhead
The silver rain came dropping tear by tear.

It ceased, the air was blowing light and clear,
And from my soul the burden of its woe
That had been slowly gathering year by year
Was lifted, for it felt glad joy inflow.
Imbined from Nature's joy the storm was o'er,
Out burst the sun and joy grew more and more.

Fogs

THE atmosphere is cold and thick and gray,
A veil of mist obscures the rising sun;
The fog-horn sends its warning o'er the
bay,
The day seems waning, though but
just begun.

The soul is cast upon itself for light,
And well, indeed, if it find shining there
Rays of that sun which never knows the night,
Nor yet doth ever shed too fierce a glare.
But should it find its chambers likewise dim,
Beclouded by the fogs and mists of earth,
It must more carefully its lamp retrim,
Refilling with an oil of priceless worth.
Thus may a soul a lighthouse prove to be
To ships becalmed upon life's fog-girt sea.

True Success

A THOM the world regards a failure,
God may deem a great success;
Failure caused by aiming skyward
Is a mark of nobleness.

None need call himself a failure
Till he recognize defeat;
Souls of victors truly have they
Who undaunted ill luck meet.

Better than to rest contented
With some paltry triumph now,
Is to be forever striving,
Though on earth an uncrowned brow.

The Master Musician

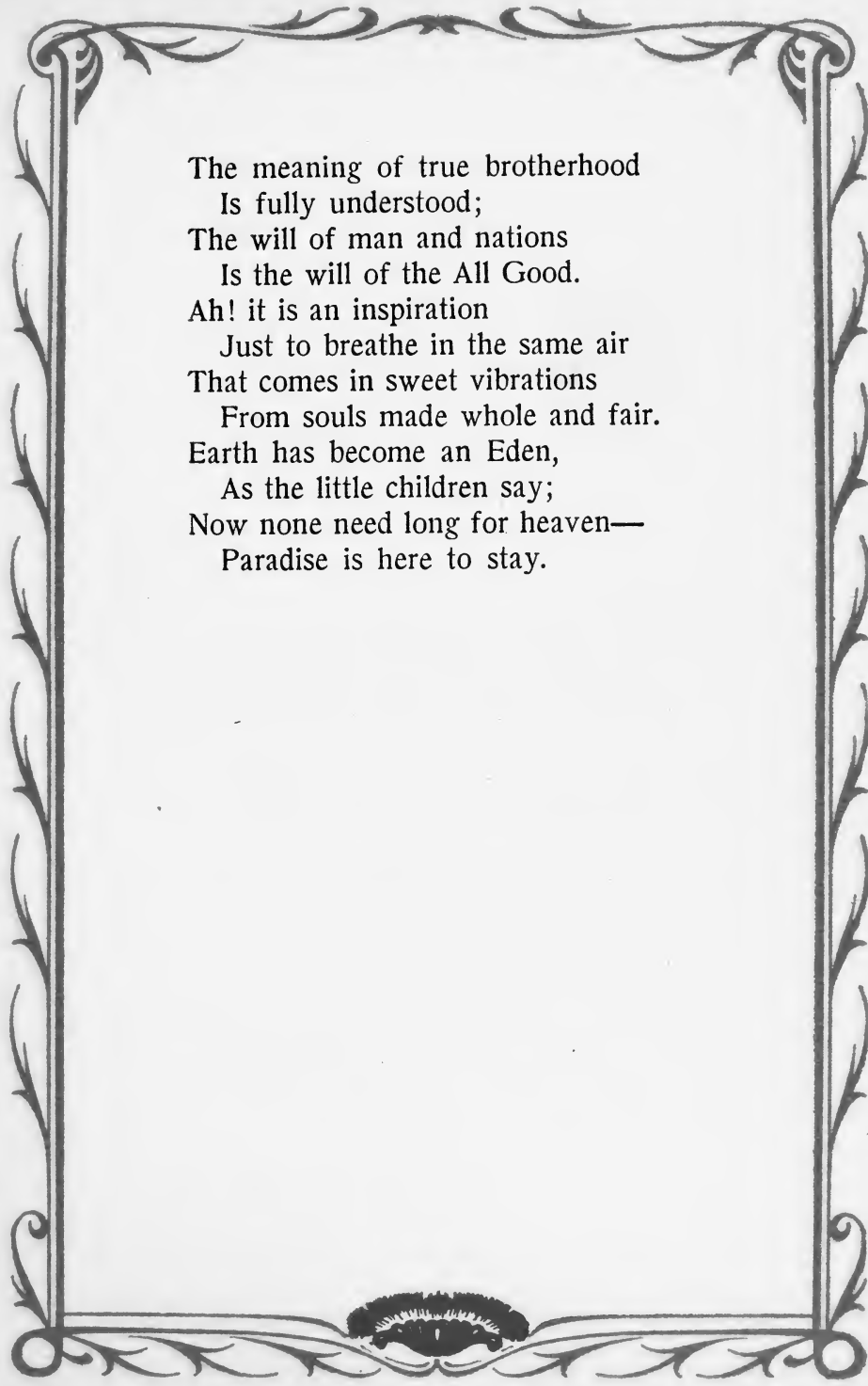
I AM the instrument, but Thou, O Lord,
The Great Musician art, so play on me
As seemeth best to Thee; but let one chord
So deeply stir my soul 'twill give the key
To all the wealth of slumbering melody
Waiting within the soul of every man,
Until a touch like Thine shall set it free.
Teach me Thine art, so that I likewise can
Bring out the sweetest notes in every one
With whom I come in contact; I would be
Responsive to Thy lightest touch, then none
Lacking Thy spirit shall have power o'er me,
And all the music Thou dost in me wake,
In lives of others shall true concord make.

The Kingdom Come

THE beauty of Creation,
The promise of the morn,
The spring-tide's exultation,
Make us hopeful for the dawn
Of a day of joy and brightness.

In swift coming future times,
When hearts full of happiness
Join in melodious chimes
That evennow are pealing—
Though far distant, on the air—
Nearer, nearer they are stealing,
Soon we'll hear them everywhere.

Then, then with gladsome voices
We shall hail the new-born day,
For everything rejoices
Now that night has passed away.
Each man regards his neighbor,
For the Golden Rule is law,
And it is his daily labor
To put by, from which to draw,
A fund of love that never fails,
But groweth more and more—
The receiver and the giver
Are both blessed from the same store.



The meaning of true brotherhood
Is fully understood;
The will of man and nations
Is the will of the All Good.
Ah! it is an inspiration
Just to breathe in the same air
That comes in sweet vibrations
From souls made whole and fair.
Earth has become an Eden,
As the little children say;
Now none need long for heaven—
Paradise is here to stay.

Prayer for Love

I ASK thee, Lord, that thou wilt give to me
A heart so full of love for all my kind,
In every one I meet mine eyes shall see
Some likeness there which shall of Thee
remind.

Why are we taught such reverence for a book,
To bow the knee in a cathedral's hall,
While with a careless eye too oft we look
On man—who of Thy works is chief of all?

From one, however worthless seemingly,
Bid me before in scorn I turn away,
Remember that in God's own image he was first
created to regain some day;
No mark divine is ever quite effaced,
Love's eyes can see it in the most debased.

Conditions of Growth

THE soul must dwell within a silence deep,
So deep that no intruder there can creep,
To break its peaceful calm if it would see
Into the great truths of eternity.

It must its every window open wide
If it would in the light of heaven abide,
Must drink deep draughts drawn from life's living
fount,
Would it gain strength wherewith to upward mount.

Must into all its inmost being breathe
Jehovah's breath would it this gift receive,
The Spirit's power enable it to be
A helpful force unto humanity.

Christ's Second Coming

SOON we shall feel deep pulsations
Vibrating through the earth;
Travail-time draws near for the nations
To give the new-order birth.

And a glorious star is rising,
Like that on the blessed morn,
Which led the shepherds, their watch surprising,
To where the Christ-child was born.

Then He was born in a manger,
But now in the hearts of men;
Of war there will be no danger
When Christ shall thus come again.

The doors of the prisons will open—
They will be needed no more,
For peace and good-will have been spoken,
And none are evil or poor.

Upon the Cross the world for ages
Has nailed the Christ o'er and o'er;
Now it seeks to undo the traces
Of the wounds He there for us bore.

“And if I be uplifted,
All men will unto me draw”
Is fulfilled, for, regenerated,
Mankind has learned Love's high law.

Service

THE Master washed his disciples' feet,
The Father's will was his daily meat;
Though oft the way was rough and steep,
He took to save some wandering sheep,
And with briers his hands were torn,
Time came his crown of thorns was worn
With a majesty no king could scorn.

**“Not Every One That Saith Unto
Me, Lord, Lord, Etc.”**

I KNOW ye not—depart from me
Ye workers of iniquity;
Although ye saith to me “Lord, Lord!”
Your lives with it do not accord.

With tender hands ye never led
The faltering feet, nor have ye fed
The hungry with my living bread;
Go make your home among the dead.

For heaven’s fair kingdom is for such,
Who with their brothers keep in touch,
Who earnestly through life have tried
To live as did the Crucified.

Prayer

FREE me, O Lord, from every selfish thought
That I may live in service for the all,
Take any means Thy wisdom shows is
best
To break the chains which keep in
Selfhood's thrall.

Help me to rise above my cares and griefs
In thinking of the good which I may do,
When naught impedes the inflow of that life,
Whose entrance doth with love for all imbue.

To the Healer

O PEN thy soul so wide to the inflow,
Of life and health and strength from
source above,
Thou art no longer fearful the outflow
Will leave thee emptied, freely give
in love.

For the supply, aye, equals the demand;
In God's fair kingdom all is offered free,
He only asks obey ye this command:
"As ye receive, so give again to me."

Each day go out and seek some needy soul
In midst of plenty hungering for that Bread,
Sent down from heaven to make all strong and whole,
Who are upon its substance daily fed,
Ere thou canst break this bread live all the while
So near to God that nothing can defile.

Generosity

SEE how the flower so holds its cup
That the sun's warmth may fill it up
With strength to grow and nectar prepare
For bees to sup and still have more
That others may the sweetness share.

Go fill thy soul with dews of heaven,
Give and ever give, let no thought of having
Naught for self intrude, for Love's mighty leaven
Makes the heart expand to bless all living.

Judge Not

ANLESS we could have God's all-seeing eye,
Which looks beyond outward appearances,
Let us forbear to judge another by
Either his acts or his deficiencies.

What we so scorn in others might be ours
Were we to have the like environment;
For illustration take two human flowers,
Guard one with care but have the other sent
Where it must daily breathe polluted air,
Think you they'd show the same development?

One grows as was intended straight and fair,
The other manifests a stunted growth;
God understands and justly judges both.

"Let Thy Light Shine"

GHOU canst keep some corner bright
If thou shed thy little light;
Help to dissipate the gloom,
Of a sorrow-shadowed room.

Never mind how weak it seem,
Though it only cast one gleam,
When 'tis kindled by a spark
From that Light which ne'er grows dark.

It will always brightly glow
When 'tis fed by Love's pure glow,
Then wherever thou dost go,
Sunshine from thee shall outflow.

God's Poverty Cure

DO NOT be concerned in getting,
But in giving what thou hast;
All about us freely offer
What of wealth they have amassed.

Nature's voices give us music
Than paid orchestra's more grand;
Sunlight paints with magic brushes
Pictures fair on sea and land.

Each day with its priceless treasures
Comes a-knocking at our door.
Is there need amidst such riches
That a single man be poor?

Long ago there walked among us
One whose mighty words still speak;
Trust his promise, "All things have ye
Who will first heaven's kingdom seek."

In no undiscovered country
Is this kingdom to be found,
But in hearts where love and mercy
Make thoughts kindly to abound.

Thoughts which blossom out in doing
For the universal good;
Individual wants are fully
By the Father understood.

"Am I My Brother's Keeper"

WHEN once a man begins to run down
hill,
Would those who seem to help him
on his way
Extend a friendly hand—show him
good-will—
'Twould probably his downward progress stay.

Cheered by the kindly word, he'd change his course,
And once more try the steep path to ascend;
Behind him he would feel an unseen force
Helping him onward to his journey's end.

Am I my brother's keeper? Yes and no.
Not his to bind, but with him sympathize
When footsore his steps flag and head droops low;
To lift him up, encourage him to rise.

Many unknown to fame might have been crowned
With laurels had the needed aid been given;
Many a one whose name is world renowned
Attained his goal through kind words fitly spoken.

Recompense

DETHINKS when all the sheaves are gathered in,
And men await their portion of the grain,
Not those who worked, though well,
for their own gain

The larger share of gleanings then will win;
But those whose love for all of human-kind
Kept them from being on self-ends intent,
When by the Lord of harvest called will find
That ne'er in vain is life for others spent.
He whose aim is to serve the common weal
Draws to himself a goodly heritage
Of riches, so enduring and so real
They last his soul for aye, from age to age;
And as all self-hood dies, he grows as one
With Him who died for others, though God's Son.

Love's Power

LOVE'S power can triumph over every-
thing—
The greatest human wreck can be re-
claimed
When to his aid Love doth her forces
bring;

One look of hers does more than all who blamed.
Nothing of good can long escape her eyes;

Howe'er repulsive be the outer form,
It is to Love but as a thin disguise

Through which shows what can utterly transform.
E'en one who seems fast bound unto the sod—

No aspiration to aught higher scan—
Is known by Love as embryonic God,

Awaiting recognition's talisman.

Thus doth she prove akin all she may meet—
Kings in the palace, beggars in the street.

Sympathy

I PICKED a little flower up from the ground—
A careless hand had flung it there to die;
Since Love forbade that I should pass it by,
I bore it home just as it was and found,
Although so badly crushed and foully stained,
Something of life and beauty still remained.
When given a drink and freed from all its stains
It tried, methinks, to thank me for my pains,
And once more raised its head, looking so glad.
Thoughts came to me of how to help the sad,
Down-trodden ones a proud world deems outcast
From all things good; did we but know their past
How often we should find their beauty marred,
Not through their fault, only by others scarred.

True Success

A HOM the world regards a failure,
God may deem a great success;
Failure caused by aiming skyward
Is a mark of nobleness.

None need call himself a failure
Till he recognize defeat;
Souls of victors truly have they
Who undaunted ill luck meet.

Better than to rest contented
With some paltry triumph now,
Is to be forever striving,
Though on earth an uncrowned brow.

Prayer

INSPIRE me, O God, I pray,
So I may give again
Of all that I receive from Thee
To bless my fellow-men.

Inspire me and ope mine ears,
Make them receptive be
Unto that stream of melody
Which ever flows from Thee.

Inspire me to live alway,
So that my life may prove
To all that come within its scope,
The wondrous power of love.

A Message

BE UP and doing,
It is day,
The sun is high
Upon his way.

Like him go shed
Thy rays abroad,
Scatter them freely,
None of them hoard.

Be this thy joy
To give to all,
Unmindful where
They chance to fall.

Thy part it is
To simply shine,
The outcome leaving
To Love Divine.

Desires Three

I WOULD inhale while on the mount of vision,
Such measure of its rarefied fine air,
Each exhalation while down in the valley,
Might purify the noxious vapors there.

I would my soul were filled so full of sunshine
That flows from him who is the Sun of life,
Where'er I go some of its bright reflection
Might change the skies of others with clouds rife.

That it might ever send forth those vibrations,
Which felt, must every thought of ill remove,
I would this heart of mine were set pulsating
In tune with his whose sweetest name is Love.

Charity



HY heart should so o'erflow with love for
all,

On those whom thou regardest as un-
clean,

Thou wilt thy cloak of charity let fall,
To cover what were better left unseen.

As Cinderella in the tale of old,
Into a lovely princess was transformed,
So through the eyes of love thou wilt behold,
The noble born though outwardly deformed.

Henceforward let it be thy daily care
To remove aught impeding the free flow
Of that true life which maketh all things fair,
And causeth man in God-likeness to grow;
When conscious of that life a light will shine
Upon thy path to show all men divine.



Like a Streamlet

LIKE a streamlet we should be,
Make for others melody
As we journey toward the sea,

Ere within the main we hide
In its great heart to abide;
It has scattered far and wide
Joy and freshness everywhere,
Giving unto all a share
Of what keeps it glad and fair.

Leaving all along its wake
Green things, growing flowers and brake—
Living just for other's sake.

Influence

IF THOU wilt draw thy inspiration from
The never failing fount of life above,
A blessing to the world thou wilt become,
And thy whole life express the widest
love.

Then although fame forget thy name to breathe
Upon the unwrit history of the race,
Thou surely wilt a lasting impress leave,
One which e'en time itself cannot deface.

From those who with the highest in touch keep,
Influence flows which will outlast the grave,
For like a stream that digs its channels deep,
'Twill sink into men's hearts and many save
From stagnant waters, unseen by the eye
Its presence there, their thoughts will purify.

Heaven Within

TOO long have we bent all our energies
To reach a heaven created by the brain,
And there be saved from everlasting pain,
When in ourselves lies all of bliss there is.

For in a low condition of the mind
A hell more frightful than e'en Dante saw
Or Dore by his mighty brush could draw,
We can within its loathsome chambers find.

Christ came to teach us how to saviours be,
By daily striving some live word to speak;
To raise the fallen and make strong the weak—
His is the truth that doth from bondage free.
Who follows in the footsteps that He trod,
Will find his heaven within and there see God.

Regenerated

ABROWN and withered atom
I lay upon life's shore,
O'er which wild waves came crashing
With maddening, deafening roar.

While lying faint and gasping,
From soundless depths within
A voice spake words so powerful
They rose above the din.

Then with a mighty effort,
Although so near to die,
Once more I stood upon my feet
And looked into the sky.

Into my withered tissues
I drew God's vital breath,
Which thrilling through my being,
Loosened the clutch of Death.

Like one just new-created
I set sail on life's sea,
With overmastering passion
To serve humanity.

The Christ Within

I AM yearning for the coming
Into this heart of mine
Of the Christ-child, pure and holy,
Born of the Love Divine.

Therefore, while I am waiting,
I will make my dwelling fair;
Of everything unseemly
Will sweep its chambers bare.

Should any thought of evil
Have found a harboring,
I'll open wide my casements
And from my portals fling.

Oft keenest pain and anguish
The richest blessing bring,
So ere I gain my heart's desire
I must pass through suffering.

But when my hour cometh,
And in travail am I,
I shall forget my agony
In listening for His cry.

His birth will prove unto me
A resurrection morn;
Forth from the tomb of self-hood
My spirit be reborn.

Forever evil passions
Have lost their power o'er me;
I pray for those who curse me,
Or use spitefully.

Through eyes full of compassion
My fellow men I view;
See 'neath the meanest faces
Gleams of the good and true.

I seek the weak and erring,
And take them to my heart;
I heal the sick and wounded
With heavenly Christ-like art.

In every word and action
The Christ-child works through me,
Since with Him and the Father
I have grown one to be.

Love's touch is on my brow and on my lips,
Her holiest kiss, therefore my heart's glad,
With gladness drawn from the great heart of all,
Whose every beat gives forth as waves of joy,
Wherewith to bless,

So likewise I diffuse
Some measure of that which I have received,
And by my very presence witness
Of happiness, naught earthly can destroy.

Love opens in the soul an inner fount,
Whence flows a stream of joy and melody
Which will, if fed aright,
And through life's journey make a pathway bright.

Unbound

O SAD SOUL! moaning in the web which
Fate
Hath spun around thee so thou canst
not fly!
Be still! No more bewail thine abject
state,

For thee deliverance soon draweth nigh;
A voice from soundless depths the secret tells;
Nothing can bind a soul whose thoughts are stayed
Upon eternal things, for in it dwells
A consciousness which makes it unafraid.
It looks beyond the seeming to the real;
Knows that, which here apparently doth bind,
Doth make it reach out after the ideal,
Helps it the freedom of the truth to find;
And now, at will, it soars above the world;
Fate can no longer keep its pinions furled.

Brotherhood



HE Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of man,
Once realized, lift from the sod—
Reveal Creation's plan.

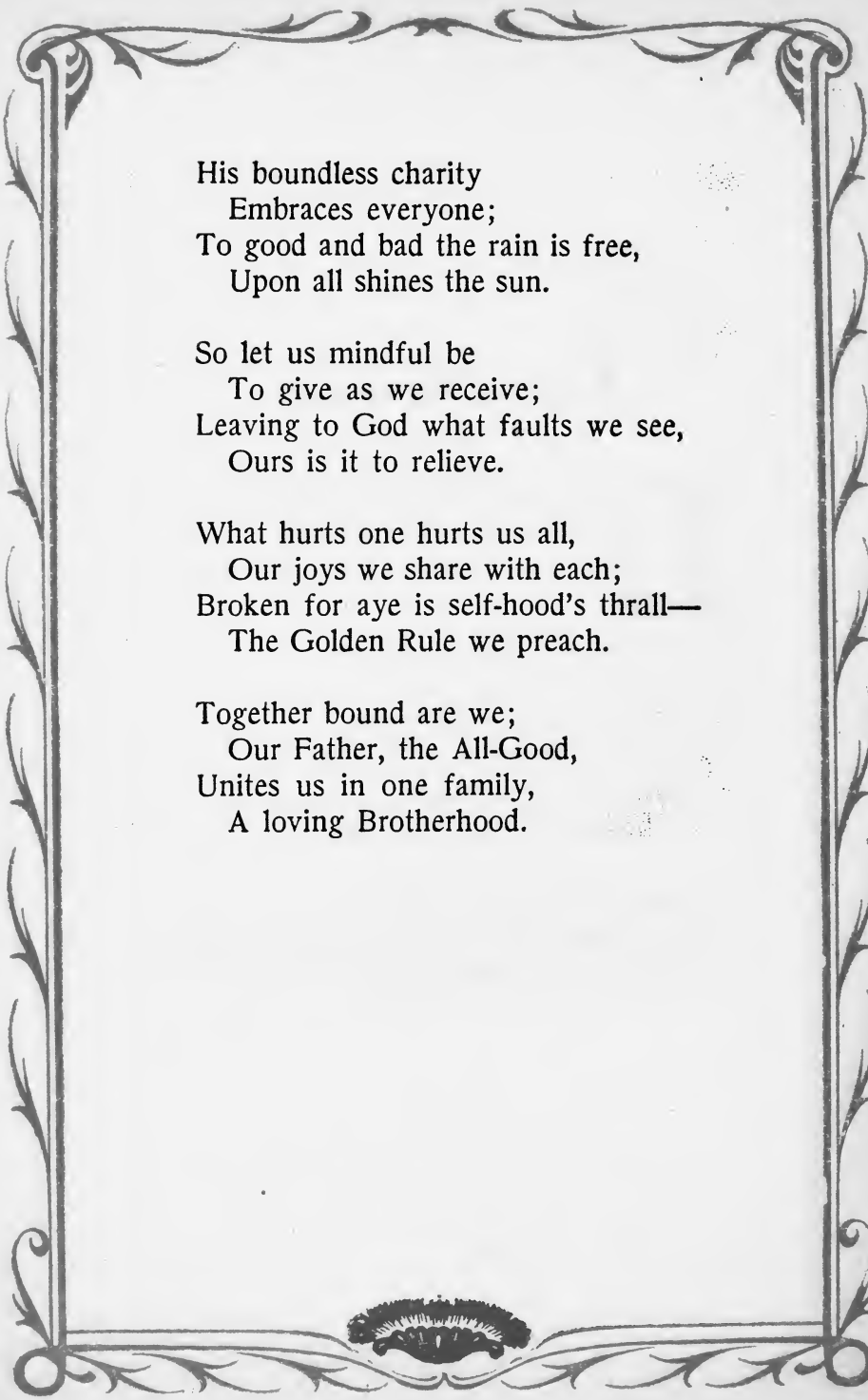
One Father of us all,
One common aim for each—
To listen humbly for his call,
And His perfection reach.

One universal good,
From which we all must draw
Until the truth is understood—
Love's whole redemptive law.
Once walked upon the earth
A Brother true, indeed;
His teaching gave the soul new birth—
His words of life still feed.

He came to teach that Love,
And not the threatening rod,
Will every evil thing remove
Between men's souls and God.

No longer eye for eye—
He said: Forgive, forgive;
Have love so broad, so deep, so high,
It gives as God doth give.



A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the text. At the bottom center, there is a small, dark, fan-like decorative element.

His boundless charity
Embraces everyone;
To good and bad the rain is free,
Upon all shines the sun.

So let us mindful be
To give as we receive;
Leaving to God what faults we see,
Ours is it to relieve.

What hurts one hurts us all,
Our joys we share with each;
Broken for aye is self-hood's thrall—
The Golden Rule we preach.

Together bound are we;
Our Father, the All-Good,
Unites us in one family,
A loving Brotherhood.

Like a Streamlet

LIKE a streamlet we should be,
Make for others melody
As we journey toward the sea,

Ere within the main we hide
In its great heart to abide;
It has scattered far and wide
Joy and freshness everywhere,
Giving unto all a share
Of what keeps it glad and fair.

Leaving all along its wake
Green things, growing flowers and brake—
Living just for other's sake.

The Larger Life

GO OUT into the larger life, my child,
Go out and seek the fallen and the
weak;
Show them, however much they are de-
filed,
They have a friend in thee; most
gently speak.

Tell them of One who never turns away
From any who to Him repentant come;
He only asks ye will His call obey—
Ye weary ones, ye heavy laden, come.

Go put thy petty cares and griefs from thee;
They look too small compared with others' wrong.
Love not thyself save in humanity,
And sing unto it some sweet heaven-caught song.

The Unsung Songs

THE sweetest songs as yet have not been
sung;
They wait in silence deep
For one to come whose voice shall have
the power
To waken them from sleep.

He must be one whose heart is kept in tune
With that grand music sweet,
Which doth forever through the Universe
In wordless rhythm beat.

He must have love for all created things,
However weak or small,
In loving service find his chief delight
Done for the good of all.

With nature he must close communion hold
His senses to refine,
Until upon his listening ear shall fall
Her melodies divine.

He must so live unto the Spirit's touch
He will responsive be,
Then from his lips inspiring words of life
Will pour exultingly.

E'en Now

E'EN now, when everything seems going
from thee,
If thou wilt strive to live a life of trust,
These words of comfort will be set vi-
brating;
God will not let thee perish in the dust.

Uplifted eyes will look beyond the seeming;
Behold arising from this vale of sense
A mount upon whose summit angels beckon,
Offering to those who gain it joys intense.

Be not discouraged; start with steadfast purpose
To scale the heights, however steep they be;
Falter thy footsteps? Keep a dauntless spirit,
Then unseen hands will reach themselves to thee.

Doing Good

LONG ago there walked among us
One whose mighty words still speak,
Trust His promise "All things have ye
Who will first heaven's kingdom seek."

In no undiscovered country
Is this kingdom to be found,
But in hearts where love and mercy
Make thoughts kindly to abound.

Thoughts which blossom out in doing
For the universal good,
Individual wants are fully
By the Father understood.

A heart received a barbed word,
Which cut it like a two-edged sword;
Quivering with pain it nearly broke,
But in the end true strength awake.

The pain was there allowed to lie,
Just long enough until thereby
Grew knowledge how to others bring
Some succour in their suffering;
Then! then! at last was gone the sting.

With firm intent to reach my goal
I upward press, nor do I mind
How rough the path, for in my soul
New life I find.

Which groweth stronger day by day
As I inhale the atmosphere
Of mountain heights upon the way
So pure, so clear.

When notes of trouble
Float on the air,
One word, "Love others,"
Brings music rare.

It gives the courage
To go through life
Full of rejoicing
In midst of strife.

Garners the sweetness
From bitterest things,
Gives by its touching
To soul its wings.

On then it soareth,
Up to the sky,
Where it discovers
Love cannot die.

"Thy Will, Not Mine"

Hymn

I WOULD, O Father,
That this will of mine
May ever be
Subservient to Thine.

Do unto me
As seemeth to Thee best,
To make me flee
For shelter to Thy breast.

"Know the power of self and smile on all."

When thou has conscious grown,
O self of mine,
That thou dost draw thy life
From source divine.

Thou wilt cognizant be
Of wondrous power,
And all good things of life
Shall be thy dower.

Thou wilt become a sun,
And from thee stream
A living radiance
On all to beam.

Refraction

AN ARROW speeding through the air
Smote a lone bird that hovered there.
Fluttering its wings, it heaved a sigh,
Then fell upon the earth to die.
A passerby who saw the bird
Was by its cry of anguish stirred.
He drew the arrow from its breast,
With healing balm its wounds he dressed.
The little life that in it breathed
Grew stronger as it care received.
Had not Love Death's course it must
Too soon have passed into the dust.

Weary sojourner
Beside the sea,
God's loving kindness
Protecteth thee.

Wherefore be lonely?
There's one is near
Who watcheth o'er thee—
Then have no fear.

Salvation

LISTEN! In the silence and in solitude
there is strength. There the voice of God
speaks to the soul, directing, guiding and
giving it full power.

In the sanctuary of thine own soul
there is rest. There the Most High hath
enshrined His tabernacle.

Peace, peace be still!

The Master faileth never,
Joy will enfill

The soul that trusteth ever.
Through the tempest raging

In the weary soul,
Hear the Master saying,
"I have full control."

Only wait with patience
Till the storm is past,
With a holy silence

Rest will come at last.
Out of the heart of the silence
Things of beauty unfold,
With their message of thanksgiving
Unto all the world.

Live always for thy best,
Then when night draweth nigh
Thou canst in peace repose,
For thou hast earned true rest and happiness.

No other life can give
Thee joy, nor hope to be
A help to souls rejoiced,
Truth's message to receive to set them free.

Arise, then! Girt thee round
With strength that faileth not;
Go forth, let loving deeds
Along thy path be found—speak words of cheer.
So shalt thou come ere long
To mountain heights of song,
Where reigneth harmony
And truth and beauty dwell in perfectness.

Purity of spirit must manifest itself in activity.
Stagnation breeds disease and death. What of truth
is revealed inwardly give forth outwardly to bless thy
brother man.

Live the sermons you would preach. Be yourself
a message to the world.

Seek thy inspiration from the highest—let no
human medium intervene between thy soul and the
true free revealing direct from the source of all life
and wisdom. So shalt thou come into a conscious

union with God the Father, even as did Christ Jesus.

Great things from small beginnings grow and their
growth is slow. To hasten growth too often kills or
dwarfs the thing to be made manifest. Lift up thy
heart to the light; let thy growing be the Spirit's care.

There are many laborers at work in His vineyard,
but the Master has need of thee also.

The Father must to thee true wisdom give,
Ere thou the truth canst teach.

For he who hath the Spirit's power

The hearts of man can reach.

I will to him true inspiration give

That he may be God's messenger to souls,
Awaiting knowledge of the way to live,

To cast out Sorrow's sting and gain repose.

The flowers, the sunlight, the sea and the sky
Each offers its wealth to the passerby.
To him who is wise to receive it,
He takes this gift to his inmost heart
And gives it forth as a deathless thought,
Thereby making the whole world sweeter.

Rejoice! in the glory
That shineth so free;
Some of its radiance
Falls e'en upon thee.
O keep thy heart holy,
Walk on in its light
Till life transfigured be.

Rejoice in the glad thought—
All is good and fair.
Things in darkness once sought
Are the Father's care;
He knoweth thy needs,
And in wisdom heeds
Thy cry and gives to thee.
Rejoice! night time is past;
Full day dawneth at last;
Love rules over the world,
Flags of peace are unfurled.
Discord is over,
Men now discover

Truth that makes equal and free.
I will guide him day by day
Nearer to the goal he seeketh;
Give to him just what he needeth,
Tell to him what words to say
To the hungry souls awaiting
Bread that gives the strength for living
In full accord with law Divine.

Realization

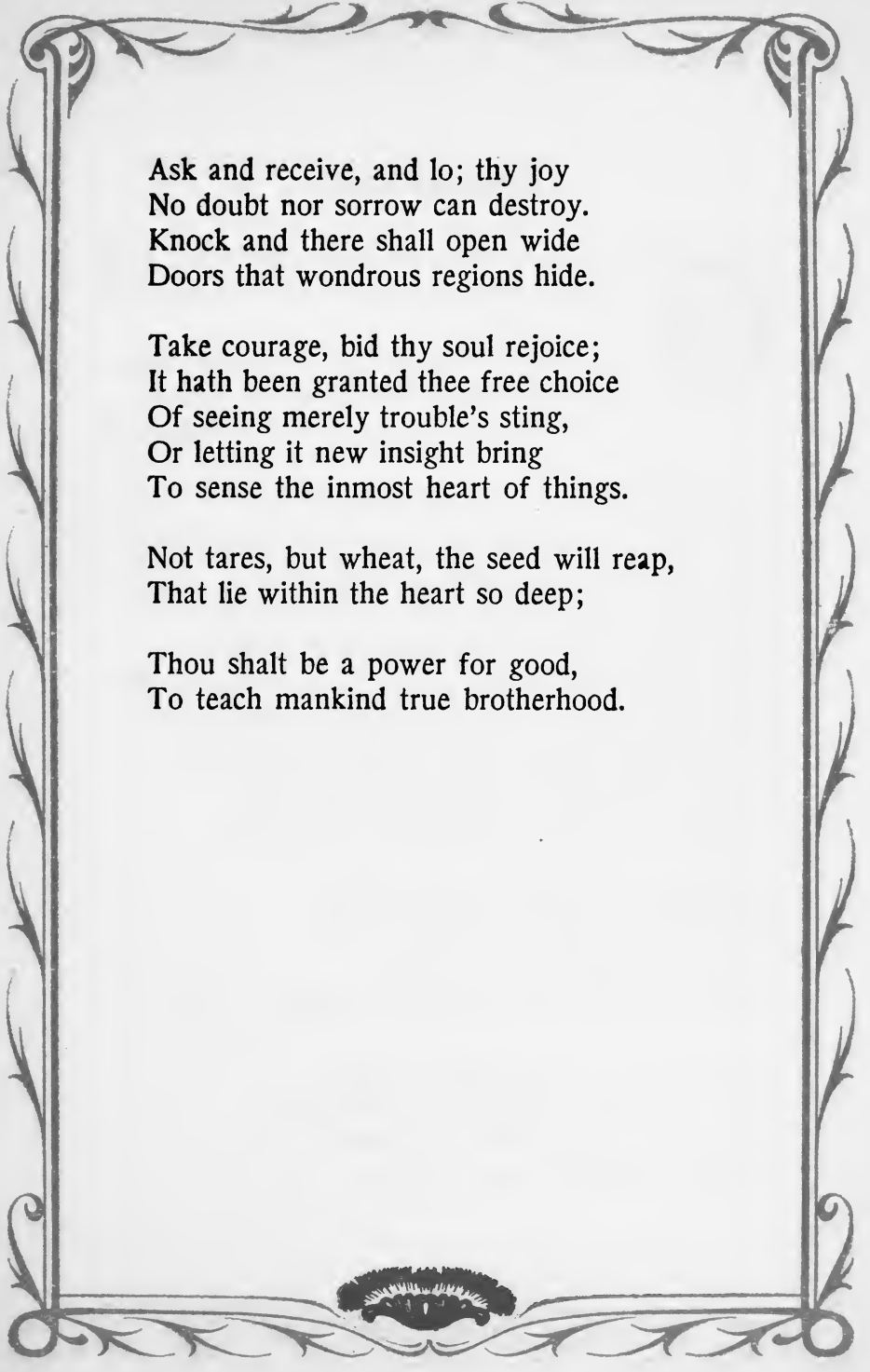
THE power from on high enfills my soul!
Away from me the clouds of darkness
roll!

A sense of His abiding presence steals
O'er my being, the comforter reveals
To me the truth I so long sought with
tears,

Forever past are those tormenting fears
That kept me sad and downcast all these years;
My soul rejoices in such glorious light
That daily life brings with it new delight
And I am taught to walk by faith, not sight;
Those things that once brought with them only pain.
Now, that my ears have caught the glad refrain
Of heaven's music, show what I deemed loss
Were really sent for my exceeding gain
To help me learn the meaning of the cross.

Although it may not seem to thee
Just what thy wish would have it be,
He always heedeth thy request
And sends just what He knows is best.

Look up, oh! be not sunk in woe.
How canst thou slight His promise so?
"A bruised reed he will not break,"
Nor any burdened soul forsake.

A decorative border with symmetrical floral and leaf motifs framing the text.

Ask and receive, and lo; thy joy
No doubt nor sorrow can destroy.
Knock and there shall open wide
Doors that wondrous regions hide.

Take courage, bid thy soul rejoice;
It hath been granted thee free choice
Of seeing merely trouble's sting,
Or letting it new insight bring
To sense the inmost heart of things.

Not tares, but wheat, the seed will reap,
That lie within the heart so deep;

Thou shalt be a power for good,
To teach mankind true brotherhood.

Completeness

AH, FOOLISH one! None but the Over-
soul
Is great enough to satisfy thy own;
Be one with it, for then thou shalt be
whole,
And never more feel that thou art alone.

“He giveth His beloved in their sleep”
The truths which we are ready to receive;
No life can be too hard, no path too steep,
For those who fully all His words believe.

Make the word flesh as did the Son of Man;
He came to earth to teach us how complete
All life might be when God's eternal plan
Is understood and with His our hearts beat.

The Larger Life

G O OUT into the larger life, my child,
Go out and seek the fallen and the
weak;
Show them, however much they are de-
filed,
They have a friend in thee; most
gently speak.

Tell them of One who never turns away
From any who to Him repentant come;
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Which doth forever through the Universe
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He must have love for all created things,
However weak or small,
In loving service find his chief delight
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With nature he must close communion hold
His senses to refine,
Until upon his listening ear shall fall
Her melodies divine.

He must so live unto the Spirit's touch
He will responsive be,
Then from his lips inspiring words of life
Will pour exultingly.

Conditions of Growth

I ASK thee, Lord, that thou wilt give to me
A heart so full of love for all my kind,
In every one I meet mine eyes shall see
Some likeness there which shall of Thee
remind.

Why are we taught such reverence for a book,
To bow the knee in a cathedral's hall,
While with a careless eye too oft we look
On man—who of Thy works is chief of all?

From one, however worthless seemingly,
Bid me before in scorn I turn away,
Remember that in God's own image he was first
created to regain some day;
No mark divine is ever quite effaced,
Love's eyes can see it in the most debased.

"Thy Will, Not Mine"

Hymn

I WOULD, O Father,
That this will of mine
May ever be
Subservient to Thine.

Do unto me
As seemeth to Thee best,
To make me flee
For shelter to Thy breast.

"Know the power of self and smile on all."

When thou has conscious grown,
O self of mine,
That thou dost draw thy life
From source divine.

Thou wilt cognizant be
Of wondrous power,
And all good things of life
Shall be thy dower.

Thou wilt become a sun,
And from thee stream
A living radiance
On all to beam.

All is Well

ALL that may come to me
Of weal or woe
Is from the Father's hand
And He doth know
Just what each soul requires
To make it grow.

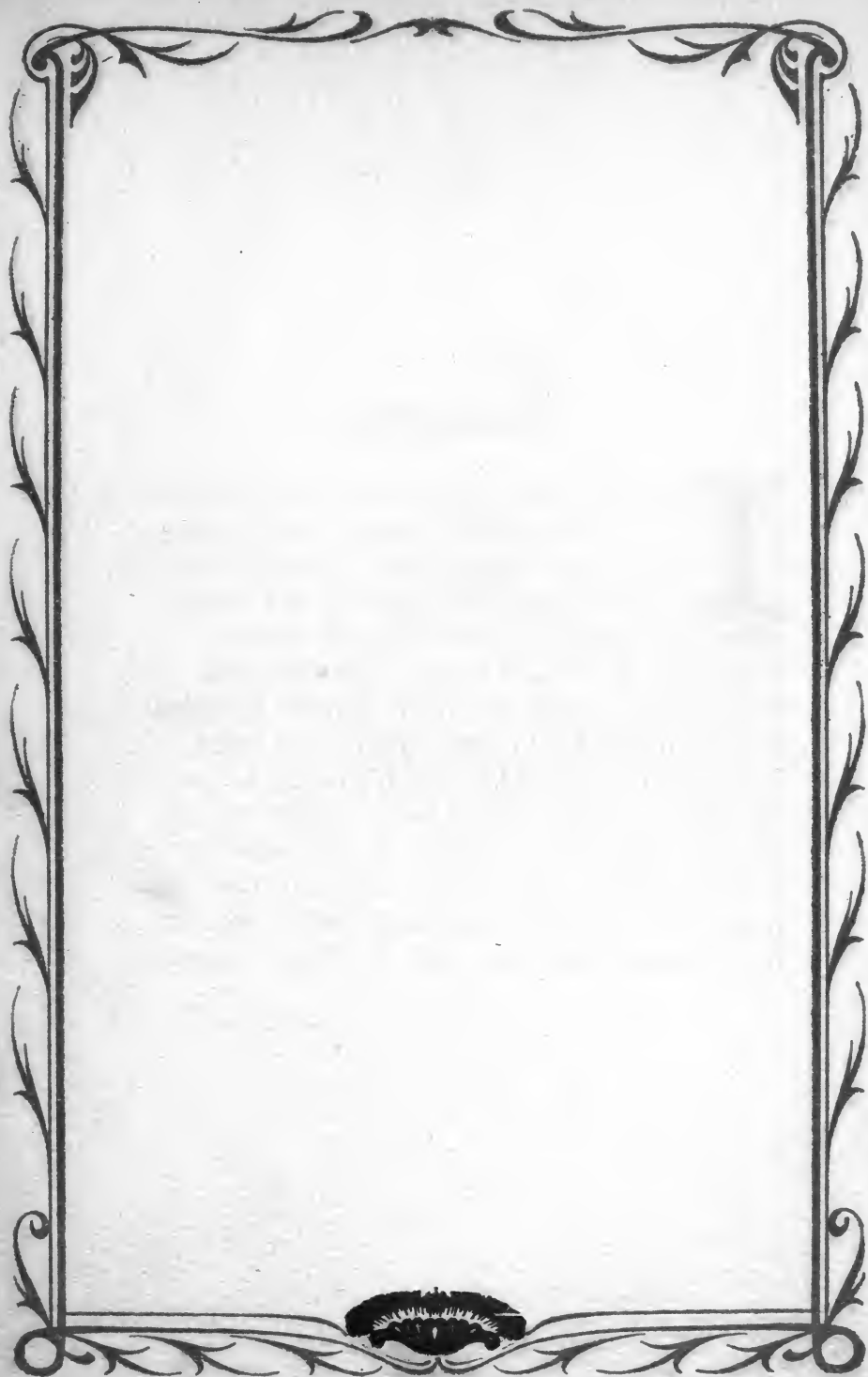
Aught He in love sees fit
To take away,
He doeth what is best,
Trusting I say;
Naught can disturb my peace
When I obey.

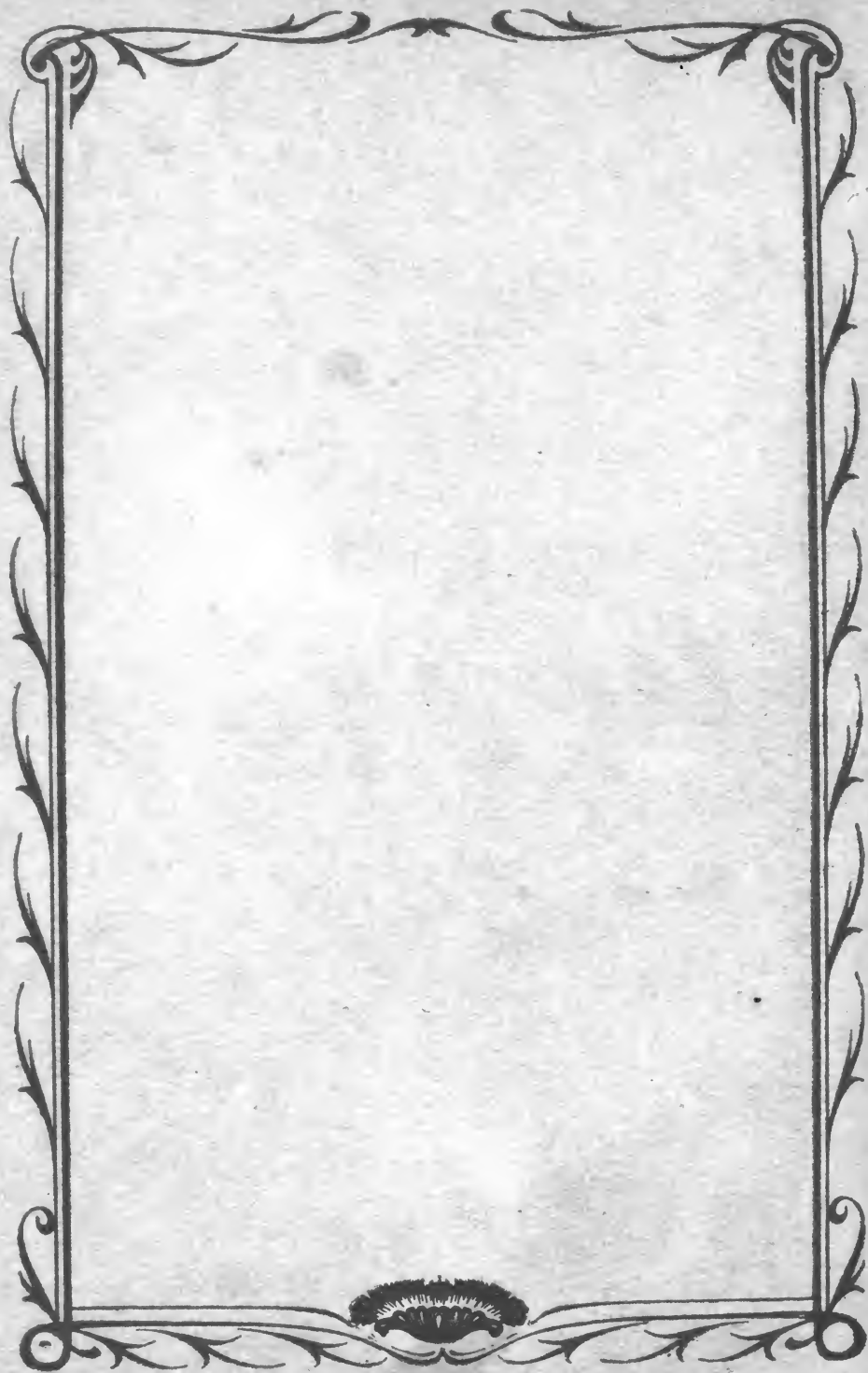
All things result in good
To those whose will
Is fully one with His;
What may seem ill
Comes that it may some wise
Purpose fulfill.

Therefore I fearlessly
Travel along,
Feeling a mighty arm,
Saving from wrong,
All is well, "God is Love,"
This is my song.

Sympathy

I PICKED a little flower up from the ground—
A careless hand had flung it there to die;
Since Love forbade that I should pass it by,
I bore it home just as it was and found,
Although so badly crushed and foully stained,
Something of life and beauty still remained.
When given a drink and freed from all its stains
It tried, methinks, to thank me for my pains,
And once more raised its head, looking so glad.
Thoughts came to me of how to help the sad,
Down-trodden ones a proud world deems outcast
From all things good; did we but know their past
How often we should find their beauty marred,
Not through their fault, only by others scarred.







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